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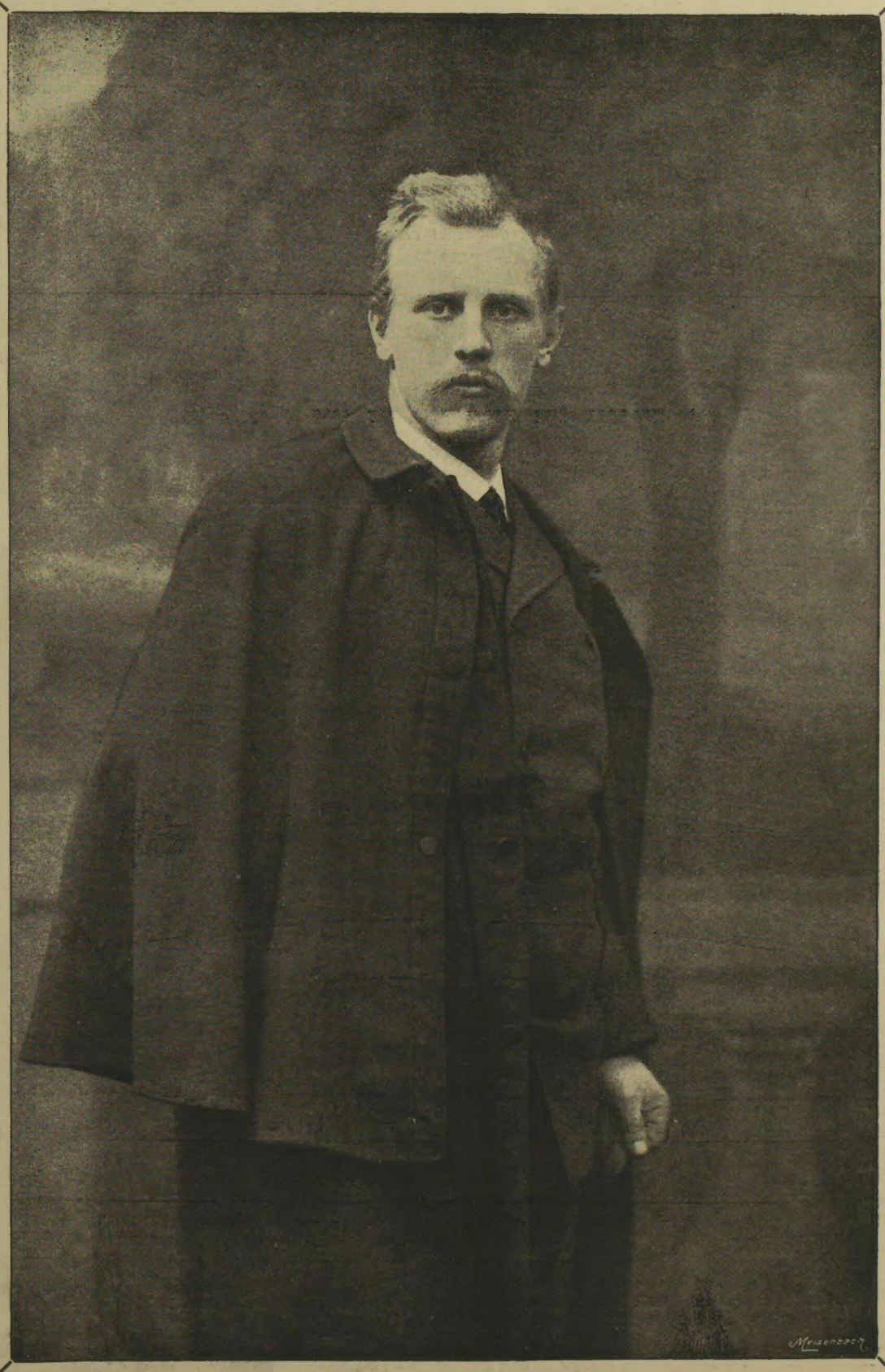


Photo by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, London.

DR. NANSEN, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A baby show is not considered to be an elevating spectacle, but how much worse will be the exhibition of second childhood promised to us in Paris! "Old people of ninety and upwards are already being advertised for." The last "exhibit" of this kind was Voltaire himself, and a very melancholy spectacle he proved to be. If not "a driveller and a show," he presented a piteous contrast to what might be expected of a great philosopher. It is curious indeed that mankind should have this morbid interest to behold a state of decrepitude and decay to which, if they live long enough, they themselves are doomed to come. Perhaps the motive is a similar one to that which caused the Egyptians to reserve a chair at their feasts for a skeleton; but the idea is even more gruesome, since the guest in this case is conscious of the part he has to play. In extreme old age the only place except the grave we are fit for is our own home, and to be dragged out of it to become an object of interest to an unsympathising crowd must be felt, if patriarchs feel at all, a degradation indeed. No one supposes that it is a voluntary act, any more than in the case of the baby show, when the mother "brings her babe and makes her boast" confessedly for lucre. Families who are so fortunate as to possess a centenarian will put him into this exhibition, just as they might put in a franc in a raffle, in hopes to draw a prize. "The three oldest, healthiest, and most intelligent will receive gold medals." In other words, those who are suffering least from senile decay, and are therefore least in need of consolation, will be the prize-winners. A money prize of £800 will be given to "the one who can give the most interesting reminiscences of the events of the century." This is a direct encouragement to lying: anyone who has endeavoured to draw this sort of information from a patriarch knows how dull and doubtful and difficult of extraction it is. With so large a reward in view, no doubt the cramming system will be adopted, and great-grandpapa will be put to school to prepare for his examination. The most telling subject will be anecdotes. If the family is wise they will teach him as many personal experiences of Napoleon as possible. In the Salon next year we shall doubtless have a domestic picture entitled "Cramming the Centenarian."

A scientific American has, however, discovered that even centenarianism is, as it were, played out, and that to live for a hundred years is nothing to make a fuss about. He does not, indeed, explode the notion of dying altogether, or speak of it, like the French preacher before the king, as "a phrase we use"; but he protests that there is no occasion for a centenarian, properly dieted, to think of settling his affairs. He opines that the limit of man's sojourn here on earth should be two hundred years. This is alarming to those who have had enough of it after threescore years and ten. What is an old gentleman to do with himself during the second century? "After this," says Job's biographer, alluding to that patriarch's very sensational experiences, "lived Job a hundred and fifty years, and saw his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations." As his first family was destroyed he must have married again. The Transatlantic *savan* does not suggest that his patriarchs are to start afresh in the domestic line; yet otherwise there really seems no occupation open to them. Even as it is, old age is shown the cold shoulder by all employers of labour; and one can hardly imagine a candidate in his second century receiving any encouragement. He could publish his Recollections three or four times, but the reviewers would not stand them beyond that. Besides, he would have contemporaries who had also been dieted on "food deficient in nitrogen" and without "ossific deposits," and who could recollect things as long as he did. The excellent notion of "opening our new cemetery with grandfather" entertained by the family of emigrants would be hopeless: they would have to wait for their great-great-grandfather, and even he might be thinking less of the burial than the marriage service. The pleasures of the table, at present the last to be enjoyed, do not seem to be very promising under the new régime (or regimen). "Uncooked apples and two or three thimblefuls of distilled water, with ten or fifteen drops of phosphoric acid in each," however conducive to longevity, does not sound very attractive. It is curious if an uncooked apple, which is said to have brought mortality into the world, should be the means of deferring it; but that is "the tip," that and hypophosphites—a difficult dish, by-the-way, to order from the waiter if one has no teeth.

Science and religion, we are told, must go hand in hand; and it is a pity that science and art are not under the same obligation. But ever since instantaneous photography has discovered that a horse goes on one leg—though no human being has ever perceived it—certain otherwise admirable draughtsmen have persisted in presenting that noble animal to us as though he were a stork. Unhappily, the faster he goes the more he is made to adopt this amazing mode of progression, so that the Derby itself becomes to the spectator, upon paper, a sort of quadrupedal hopping match. The rest of the animal's limbs are similarly distorted, and resemble, in full career, those of Mr. Pickwick when he put himself in that paralytic attitude which he confidently believed to be a posture of self-defence. If this sort of thing goes on, the horse, as we used to know him pictorially, will disappear. We shall see him as all the generations of men have seen him in the flesh, but never again on canvas. His "stride" will be a thing of the past; he will never "extend himself" as of old; and his speed will excite less admiration than surprise, like the agility of a cripple. This is, one supposes, a branch of the new craze for realism, and achieves an even still greater success than usual in the way of ugliness.

Considering that every boy of fifteen or so appears to keep a revolver in his pocket as naturally as one in the last generation kept a top, and with the most complete impunity, it seems hard that the carrying of a shot-gun is visited by the terrors of the law. A young medical student, devoted to science, got up at four o'clock the other morning in order to shoot a starling for dissecting purposes. He had only his trousers and coat on, intending to go to bed again when his purpose had been accomplished, and I daresay did not look like a member of the aristocracy on the moors. Still, in his mother's garden, nobody but a rural policeman would have taken him for a burglar, which was exactly what happened. The officer approached him with caution, but, finding him harmless, took him into custody for carrying a gun without a license, with which offence he stands charged. This is one of the incidents which makes a man wish to do something amiss that shall be really worth talking about.

Volunteers are allowed to carry guns, and even to let them off, but they don't always want to do it. A young friend of mine had a gun that was a kicker, which after a few discharges reduced his shoulder to a pulp; and the question was, How was he to get rid of the remainder of his regulation number of cartridges without firing them off? After much cogitation he thought he would bury them in the garden, and he too was discovered in the act by a rural policeman, and menaced with durance vile as a dynamiter. As the activity of our officers of justice in pursuit of desperate criminals is sometimes questioned, it gives one pleasure to be able to quote these examples to the contrary from one's personal knowledge.

The sense of responsibility is said to weigh so heavily upon some natures that their usefulness is thereby destroyed. It seems, however, that the average is restored by other natures having no such sense at all. A dressmaker, accused of keeping five girl apprentices working till midnight, and ten up till eleven o'clock, pleaded that she was compelled to do so, since "a fashionable customer at the last moment changed her mind respecting the trimming to her dress for her Majesty's Drawing-Room." It is sad to learn that this lady had a mind to change, for the best excuse for her would be the absence of it, since, if a woman thinks at all, and especially about her dress, she must know the result of "alterations" at the last moment. How applicable to this devotee of fashion are the poet's lines!—

> She sits at home and turns an easy wheel
> That sets sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.

Yet I dare say if one read "The Song of the Shirt" to her, it would bring tears to her eyes—unless she was going somewhere where she wished to look her best.

How short-lived is fame, and, we may also add, notoriety! An ordinarily well-informed journal, speaking the other day of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, says it was "founded by a third-rate novelist called John Hamilton Reynolds." It seems curious to old stagers like myself that a newspaper writer should be ignorant of G. W. M. Reynolds, the author of "The Mysteries of London" and many other mysteries, which we read with more pleasure, perhaps, than profit when we were naughty boys. His resurrection man was a first-rate ruffian, and, considering that he did not belong to the class that "battens upon the people," creditable to his creator. Thackeray once told me that the first money he had received for literature was from G. W. M. Reynolds, which so astonished me that I forgot to ask for what species of contribution it was paid.

Some months ago a pleasant story was told of a deceased millionaire who, on being asked by his minister for a "tip" to a good investment, was given, under bond of secrecy, the names of several falling stocks which the millionaire wished to get rid of. The minister complained that he had been ruined by the advice he had followed. "But did you keep it secret?" inquired the other. "Well, I did put one or two of our elders up to what you told me were such good things." "Just so: I thought you would; their buying them enabled me to sell out just in time. But there is the money you lost by it, and a handsome commission." This anecdote seems to have borne fruit in England, for a Dissenting minister has been given shares in a company "for recommending it as a good investment to members of his congregation." For this he has incurred some blame; but the system strikes one as a great convenience. If one's pastor also becomes one's commercial guide, life will be greatly simplified. There need be none of that difficulty about finding "how to go to the City" of which the sacred writer confesses himself to be weary, since the middleman may be dispensed with altogether. From the pulpit will fall the best information as to investments in both worlds, and the company will pay the commission.

As air and water, not to mention "beer and baccy," are now held to contain the most fatal ingredients, so our simplest pleasures become whips to scourge us. The "tennis arm" has long been admitted by science into this cheerful catalogue, and now we have a new disorder in the "bicycle shoulder," under the engaging name of *Kyphosis bicyclistarum*. The "game hand" has long been known at whist, but the results are far from so objectionable.

In consequence of some new arrangement of the Spanish courts the barristers have gone on strike, and "legal business," we are told, "is consequently at a standstill." This appears to be borne with considerable equanimity by the rest of the population. If money is not coming into their pockets they are, at least, keeping there what they have got; and hopes are beginning to be expressed that the deadlock may continue. Strikes in the liberal professions are naturally much more dangerous to the strikers than in the mechanical crafts, because in addition to the rivalry of blacklegs there is the possibility of people finding out that the profession itself is superfluous. If parsons and lawyers and doctors were all to go on strike for a twelvemonth, though it might not be truthfully said that nobody was "a penny the worse," it is certain that a good many of us would be several pennies the better. Perhaps even the writers of fiction (though one is loth to think it), if they "swore off" for the same period, might find themselves, on resuming work, by no means indispensable. There could be no greater proof of the difference between a superfluity and a necessity than the effect, as compared with all other strikes, which that threatened by the letter-carriers and the police a few years ago had upon the public at large. There was no question of capital and labour, far less of the privilege of a class, about *that* matter; there were no apologies or philosophical observations in the newspapers as to the advantage of combination. We wanted our letters at breakfast and our throats protected at night, compared with which all other considerations were mere "leather and prunella."

The great Japanese actor, Danjuro, is pleased to hear that he bears a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Irving; but Mr. Irving, it is probable, would not be pleased to play Danjuro's parts. At the age of fifty-six, he is now sustaining the rôle of a young lady of seventeen, and confesses he is fatigued by it. "The skin of my face," he says, "has to be stretched to the utmost of its elasticity to hide the wrinkles, and is treated in the same way as a dyer stretches a piece of silk which he sets out in the sun to dry." Moreover, he finds the imitation of wild animals is becoming a little trying: in Japan this is a realistic performance very different from that of the weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; "to mimic the gambols of a lion should not be attempted by a person much over thirty." Danjuro can play anything except the part of a wrestler, and, by his own account, with singular completeness. "When I act a villain I am not only in sympathy with him, but probably become as great a villain as he ever aspired to be." This is blacking oneself for Othello, not only from head to foot, but inside as well as out. On the other hand, Danjuro has a habit of improvisation—or, as "liberal shepherds" term it, gagging—which would not recommend itself to dramatic authors who are sticklers for their text. A single perusal of a play, he says, is sufficient for him: this "leads to his sentences not being in the exact form the writer has given them," and consequently to complaints. "However, this habit, or failing, as some perhaps would term it [a pretty touch] is so deeply engrafted in me that I cannot change it now either to suit authors or those of my fellow-professionals who are, I hear, at times put out by it." From this one gathers that Mr. Danjuro is what the cabman called John Forster, "a harbitrary gent."

Mrs. Forrester's latest novel, "Dearest," is a pleasant story. The idea on which it is founded—that of an adventuress who, intending to entrap a victim in her toils, is trapped in the toils of love herself—is not a common one. What makes the book stand out, however, in contrast with almost all nowaday novels is its optimism. The course of true love, so far from not running smoothly, runs with only one kink, and that a most unnatural one, for the excellent Ralph's treatment of the heroine just because she doesn't write to him is absolutely inexplicable. Why didn't he write to *her*? As regards plot, in other respects, the tale is borrowed from that of "Cinderella," without its painfulness. The period of probation is so very short that it is scarcely worth while to take out our pocket-handkerchiefs. For my part, I have almost used up my modest stock of them in weeping over the woes of modern heroines, and find "Dearest" a great relief. One is not quite sure about the moral of the story, which seems to suggest the Etonian Eleventh Commandment—"Tell a lie; tell a good 'un, and stick to it." But after all, if good intentions which are never acted upon are worthless, bad ones which come to nothing ought, by analogy, to be of no consequence; a logical sequence that seems to have escaped the notice of the divines.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DR. NANSEN'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

BY HERBERT WARD.

Christiania, June 13, 1893.

Each year of this closing century regularly introduces to us some new and mighty enterprise of a geographical nature. At one time the thoughts and sympathies of the whole civilised world are directed towards the adventures of an African exploring expedition, and their attendant perils and privations in the heart of a tropical country inhabited by cannibals and dwarfs. A few months later attention is diverted from the blacks to the blondes, and the name of Fridtjof Nansen becomes familiar in every educated section of the world. Within a week, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen and his crew of twelve Norwegians sail from Christiania in the Fram to explore the North Polar region. In this bold expedition we find no motive of mere bravado. With the experiences and disasters of many former Arctic voyagers before him as practical evidence, Dr. Nansen has developed an original scheme, in the working out of which he aims to solve some of the remaining important problems in physical geography, meteorology, and other branches of science. No fantastic notion of an open Polar Sea passage to China and India occupies the mind of Dr. Nansen: he thinks only of accomplishing a scientific work. In carrying out his task, he proposes to avail himself of the forces of Nature, and to work in harmony with the natural Arctic currents, instead of buffeting against them after the manner of most previous Polar explorers.

One of the most convincing arguments in favour of Dr. Nansen's theory lies in the history of the ill-fated American vessel Jeannette, which was caught in the ice, north of the Bering Sea, in September 1879. As the Jeannette drifted towards the region north of the New Siberian Islands, where she subsequently sank, the current attained a speed of eight miles every twenty-four hours. It is in this region that Dr. Nansen considers the Greenland current originates, and it is from here he proposes to commence the main feature of his explorations, having based his calculations primarily upon the fact that many articles of ship's gear belonging to the Jeannette were discovered three years later on the south-west coast of Greenland, having drifted directly across the Polar region. Other vital and convincing proofs of this existing current are to be found in the fact that a considerable amount of Siberian driftwood is annually washed up on the Greenland shores. For the purpose of practically testing the substance of his theory, Dr. Nansen commissioned Mr. Archer, of Laurvig, to build the Fram, which now lies by the quay here in Christiania, with sails bent, ready for sea on June 20. The dimensions and technical particulars of this three-masted schooner have already been published, and little need be added to former descriptions, beyond stating that the vessel is massively built of Italian oak, American elm, Norwegian pine, and German oak from Stettin, with an "ice skin" of green heart. Her length at water-line is 34½ mètres, and her beam is 11 mètres, with a displacement of about 800 tons.

Passing from bare particulars to matters social, I may mention that upon arriving at Christiania at noon yesterday, I at once started by train for Dr. Nansen's residence at Lysaker. After about twenty minutes' journey through forests of odorous pines, and past openings which presented charming views of the fjord, resplendent in brilliant sunshine, whose banks were covered with beautiful grass and wild flowers, I at length reached Lysaker, and found myself upon the platform with a large case containing medicines for Dr. Nansen's expedition; for the safe delivery of which I had pledged myself to a London firm. Attracted either by my foreign accent or by my somewhat bewildered expression of countenance, a crowd of Norwegians gathered around me. They gazed at the weighty packing-case, and addressed me in sympathetic tones. In vain I resorted to gesture language. The fair men only smiled good-naturedly and drifted away one by one. After sitting helplessly upon the box for some minutes in order to prepare myself for the emergency, I at length captured a ragged youth, who perforce consented to lead the way to Dr. Nansen's house. We walked through beautiful meadows and followed a winding path through a little pine wood; but the sun was powerful, and the medicine-case upon my shoulder grew heavier and heavier as we trudged along. Suddenly emerging from the shadow of the firs and pines, we came in sight of a picturesque wooden house, behind which the sun shone brightly upon the placid fjord. The lad retired without waiting for remuneration. Depositing the burden, and while using my pocket-handkerchief to mop the perspiration from my face, I espied, in the shadow of a fir-tree, a nursemaid guarding a sleeping infant in a perambulator. In answer to my inquiry for Dr. Nansen the nurse looked puzzled; she answered in a language that was foreign to me, and took an early opportunity to decamp. Thus for the second time I was abandoned. I sat once more upon the packing-case and wheeled the perambulator to and fro gently as the nurse had previously done, and awaited developments. I felt intuitively that I was lulling the five-months infant of Frü Nansen, and this reflection was a solace to me. A few minutes later Frü Nansen approached me. A smiling face suffused in blushes, a beautiful voice, and a slightly hesitating manner of speaking English were characteristics of the lady who in a few days will be left with her child alone with the dreary prospect of five years of anxiety, which may, perhaps, be almost as painful to bear as will be the dangers and privations of her absent husband. Dr. Nansen was expected home in the course of the afternoon, and, as there was no return train to Christiania, I wandered around outside his house, and examined the piles of "ski," skin canoes, and bamboo ice-sledges which lay ready for shipment. My observations in the suburb of Lysaker were necessarily limited, but I elicited the fact, first from personal research, and subsequently by the endorsement of an enlightened stonebreaker, that there were no restaurants in the town. Nearly five hours elapsed before Dr. Nansen greeted me. A hearty handshake, a warm expression of salutation, and we strolled into his capacious study, where I was introduced to Mr. Archer, the builder of the Fram. Not wishing to occupy Dr. Nansen's precious time longer than was necessary, I remained just long enough to explain my business, and to glance around the room. Skins and furs, forming rugs and coats, lay in heaps. Samples of woollen cloth were heaped together with cartridges and scientific instruments. The table was piled with letters, bills, and receipts. Charts and snow-spectacles, cameras and electric fitments formed a mound upon a fur-clad couch.

Dr. Nansen appeared to be in perfect health. He was attired in very close-fitting woollen trousers and a double-breasted high-buttoned tunic. His manner was calm, despite the excitement of preparation. His big, strong face is thoroughly good-natured in expression, and his eyes have the keen searching glance of a man who is always alert and intelligent. It has never been my fortune to meet a man more full of quiet individuality, more resolute, and more charming in manner than Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. An appointment was made for a meeting to-morrow, on board the Fram, and as I turned to go Dr. Nansen remarked with a smile, "You must excuse all this confusion. There 's much to do when you quit for five years."

(To be continued.)



DR. NANSEN'S HOUSE AT LYSAKER, NEAR CHRISTIANIA.

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

A very interesting landmark of ancient chivalry is about to receive an addition in the shape of a memorial to the late Duke of Clarence. St. John's Gate, which in days gone by was the entrance to the Priory of Clerkenwell, founded nearly nine hundred years ago, will on June 24 be visited by its Grand Prior, the Prince of Wales, who will perform the ceremony in connection with this commemoration of his eldest son. The late Duke of Clarence was the first Sub-Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England since its incorporation by Royal Charter, and it was therefore considered appropriate to make some record of this fact. Previous to the Reformation, Clerkenwell was the headquarters of the famous Order, but since that time many have been the changes through which the home of the Priory has passed.

THE INTERNATIONAL FIRE BRIGADE EXHIBITION.

Londoners have lately been fire-worshippers. Hardly had the great area of the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, ceased to resound with the hoofs of horses and the shouts of spectators at the Military Tournament when it was again thronged with members of another tournament. The full title of the new claimant for public sympathy was the International Fire Brigade and Life-Saving Tournament and Exhibition, organised by the National Fire Brigade Union for the purpose of mutual co-operation of firemen from various countries for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Benevolent Fund. Gallant representatives from America, Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Holland, India, Ireland, Italy, New Zealand, Portugal, Russia, South Africa, and Wales went through various interesting displays, showing the progress which has been made in quenching one of the greatest causes of destruction and death. The arrival in London of the foreign visitors was awaited by thousands of people, and a very hearty welcome was accorded them. On June 12 the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Sheriffs, formally declared the exhibition open. Many mayors of provincial towns were also present at the inaugural ceremony. The reception committee was appropriately headed by Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, formerly chief officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, who presented an address to the Lord Mayor. In this, it was mentioned that the National Fire Brigade Union, which was formed six years ago, had attained a total membership of fifteen thousand firemen, and already comprised nearly three hundred brigades. A gold medal, commemorative of this, the largest fire brigade exhibition ever held, was also handed by Sir Eyre Massey Shaw to his Lordship. One of the features of the first day's programme was a procession illustrating the appliances for quenching fire in England from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Life-saving contests were decidedly useful as well as instructive items. Inmates were rescued from a house on fire, and jumping for one's life was shown to the best advantage. Promptitude in hitching up and driving was tested among the various teams. On the same day that a great fire in London was exemplifying the necessity of firemen, as well as their courage, the American and foreign officers of the Exhibition were entertained at the headquarters of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Captain Simonds presided, and among the guests were the Lord Mayor of London, the French Chargé d'Affaires, Captain Seabrook, the chairman of the National Fire Brigade Union, and Colonel Smith, the City Police Commissioner. Prior to luncheon, a course of drill took place, to the delight of the visitors, who were most complimentary to the members of the Brigade, who three times manned a manual and steamer and were on route for an imaginary fire in less than twenty seconds. On the last occasion the Lord Mayor was "on board." The smartness with which the men went through the drill was a sincere cause for national pride. The general honorary secretary of the Exhibition Tournament was Mr. H. S. Folker, and the managers were Messrs. A. T. Dale and Reynolds. It came to an end on June 17, and there is little doubt that it has been of advantage to all the participants therein as well as an object-lesson of the highest value.

THE BANK SCARE IN AUSTRALIA.

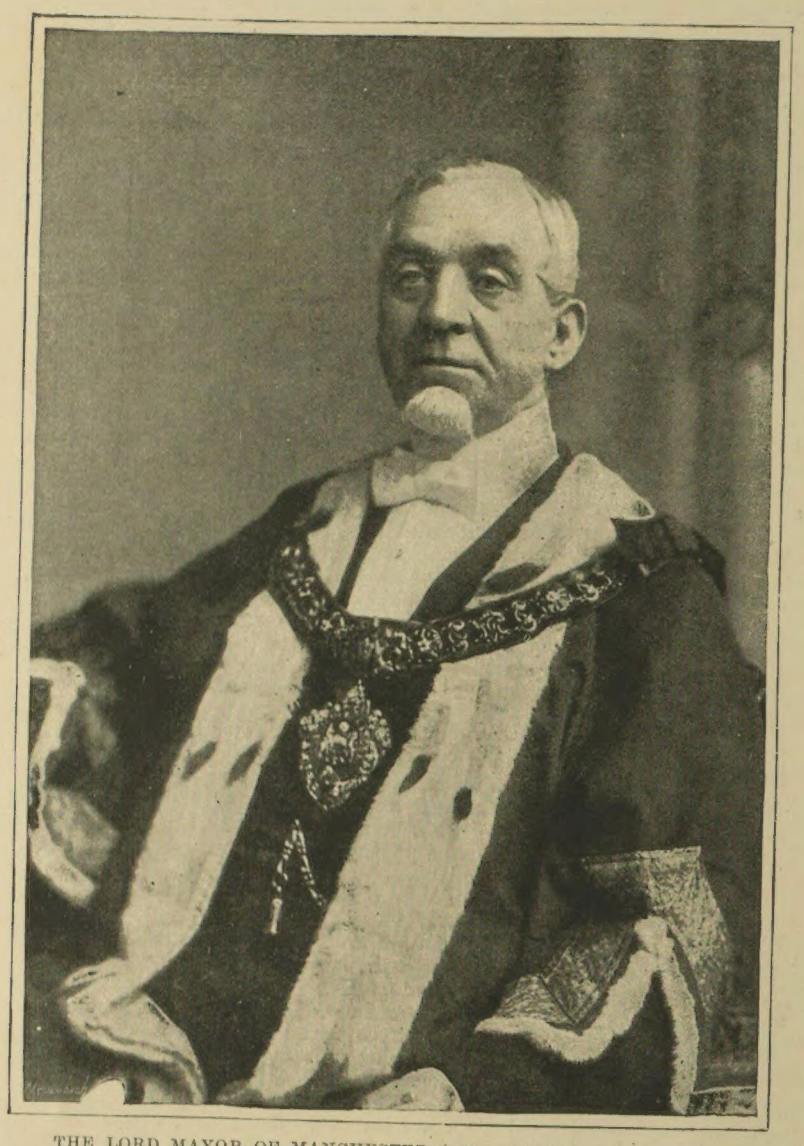
Bank holidays are in England associated with pleasant memories; but the bank holidays decreed last May, in an extraordinary *Gazette*, by the Government of Victoria, will only recall the great financial crisis that compelled a special edict of five days' rest from bank business. People had almost grown accustomed to the line on newspaper boards—"Another Australian Bank Failure." Every cablegram from the Colonies gave deplorable news as to the state of affairs. The only parallel to the scenes in Collins Street, Melbourne, might be found in the excitement of Wall Street, New York, fifty-six years ago. Two great Melbourne banks decided to continue paying current accounts on demand, despite the Government's proclamation, and many showed their faith in these banks by depositing money almost as quickly as it was withdrawn. One customer who desired £400 was promptly paid in sovereigns. "I do not want gold," he replied, but the official's answer was, "*We* only pay gold."

A "DARLING SHOWER."

One of the great dust-storms with which Australians are familiar forms the subject of one of our Illustrations. A correspondent who has been travelling through the tract of country in New South Wales known as "Old Man Plains," writes concerning these unpleasant incidents in his journey: "The wind swept across the plain, forcing the fine dust into every nook and crevice. The air, the coach, and all that it contained formed a symphony in grey. It struck so hard as to make the face and hands tingle with pain; it filled our ears, flew up our nostrils, crept into our eyes, down our necks, and up our sleeves. The only way to get along was to shut the eyes tightly, keep a handkerchief over the mouth, and when a lull came, take in as big a breath as possible to last till the next opportunity. The driver seemed to guide his horses by instinct; only occasionally could he see his leaders, and most of the time it was impossible to see past the ears of the wheelers. Often the poor brutes refused to face it, and slung themselves round with heads lowered, the picture of perfect misery. This lasted for an hour, at the end of which time we looked a grimy crew; the combination of dust and perspiration had rendered us more like black fellows than civilised British subjects. To add to the discomfort, there was no possibility of a wash or a change until we reached our destination next morning. The wretchedness of that journey may be easily imagined. Utterly tired out, yet unable to sleep, the way appeared interminable, and the long weary hours seemed to drag themselves along at funeral pace.

"In the middle of the night we passed the 'One Tree,' a scraggy, wind-blown sentinel in the centre of that dreary plain, and, save for the changing stations, it was difficult to realise that we were in a living world. But even an all-night coach journey through a desert waste will come to an end, and at six o'clock in the morning another narrow line of trees barred our way, and just at the point where we were heading we could see the welcome sight of a few galvanised-iron roofs glistening in the sun. This was Booligal. The residents pithily describe the journey as 'Hay, Hell, and Booligal.' Once inside the little weatherboard hotel, I drank something in the largest tumbler I could lay hands upon, and then was shown to my room, a stuffy little box with barely room to turn in, leading off the dining-room. Booligal is composed of about fifteen houses, all small weatherboard places with iron roofs, or simple slab huts with bark or shingle roofs. It is built on the bank of the Lachlan River, which in that season was merely a succession of water-holes of very questionable purity. On each bank of the river grows a single line of trees, forming a delightful oasis in that desert waste, and one which I could sincerely appreciate after my first experience of the 'Darling Shower.'"

THE NEW ENGLISH LORD MAYORS.



THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER (MR. ALFRED MARSHALL).

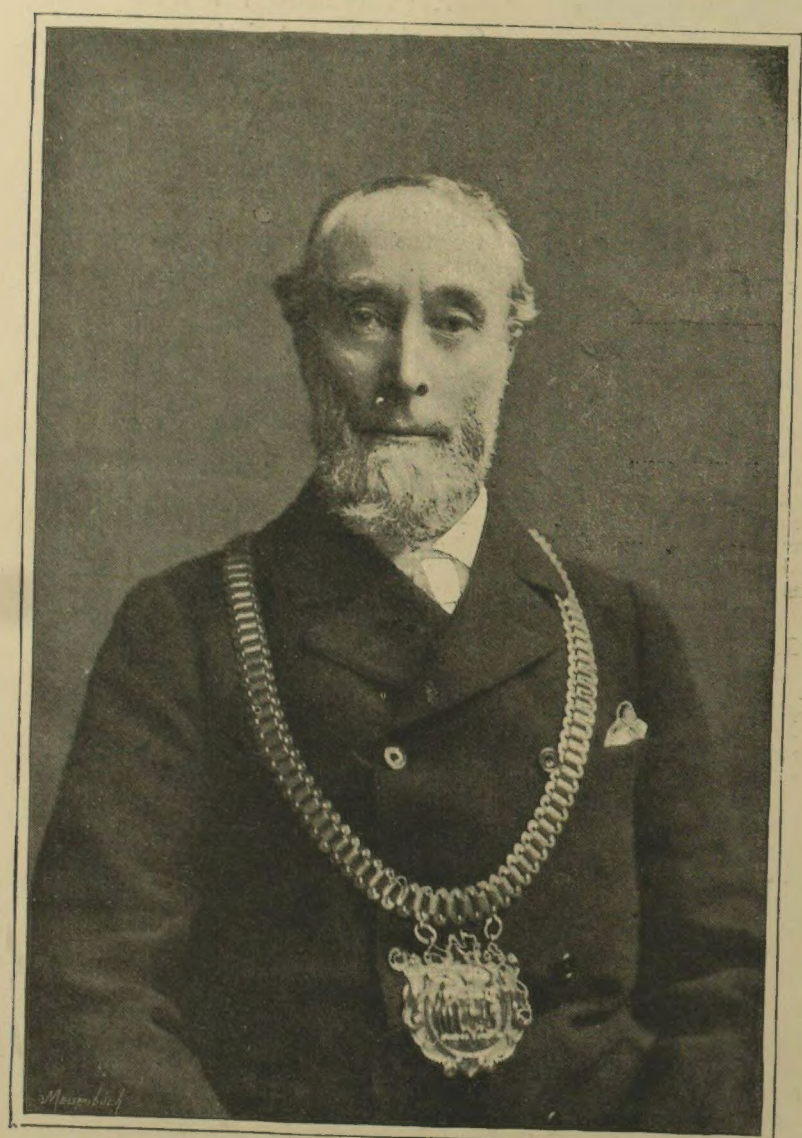
The position of the municipality grows more important year by year with the advance of the theory of local self-government. It is only fitting, then, that in a country where rank is marked by a title, our civic chiefs should be honoured after this manner. The highest rank attainable by a city ruler has been reached by the Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester, who have been elevated to the dignity of Lord Mayor. The head of our civic republics — if the phrase is, indeed, permissible — is, of course, the Lord Mayor of London. He is not only a Right Honourable as well as a Lord Mayor, but he is also the representative of royalty in the City, and is summoned to attend the Privy Council on the death of the Sovereign. Hitherto England has had only one Lord Mayor out of London, namely the Lord Mayor of York. Ireland, on the other hand, has had two—at Dublin and Belfast; while Scotland has had no fewer than four — at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen; but then that may be because the theory of civic government has such a hold across the border. Now England has entered the race, and it may be assumed that the number of her Lord Mayors will soon exceed four. Though it may be true that a Lord Mayor is really not more important than a simple Mayor, yet a certain sentiment among his fellow-townsmen elevates him above the position of the latter, and no doubt citizens will observe the occasion with due ceremony when the time arrives to celebrate the distinction. To those who scoff at titles there is much amusement in the eagerness with which a town prays that its civic head may be made Mayor, but to outsiders there is an undoubted weight attached to the town that flourishes under such a dignitary.



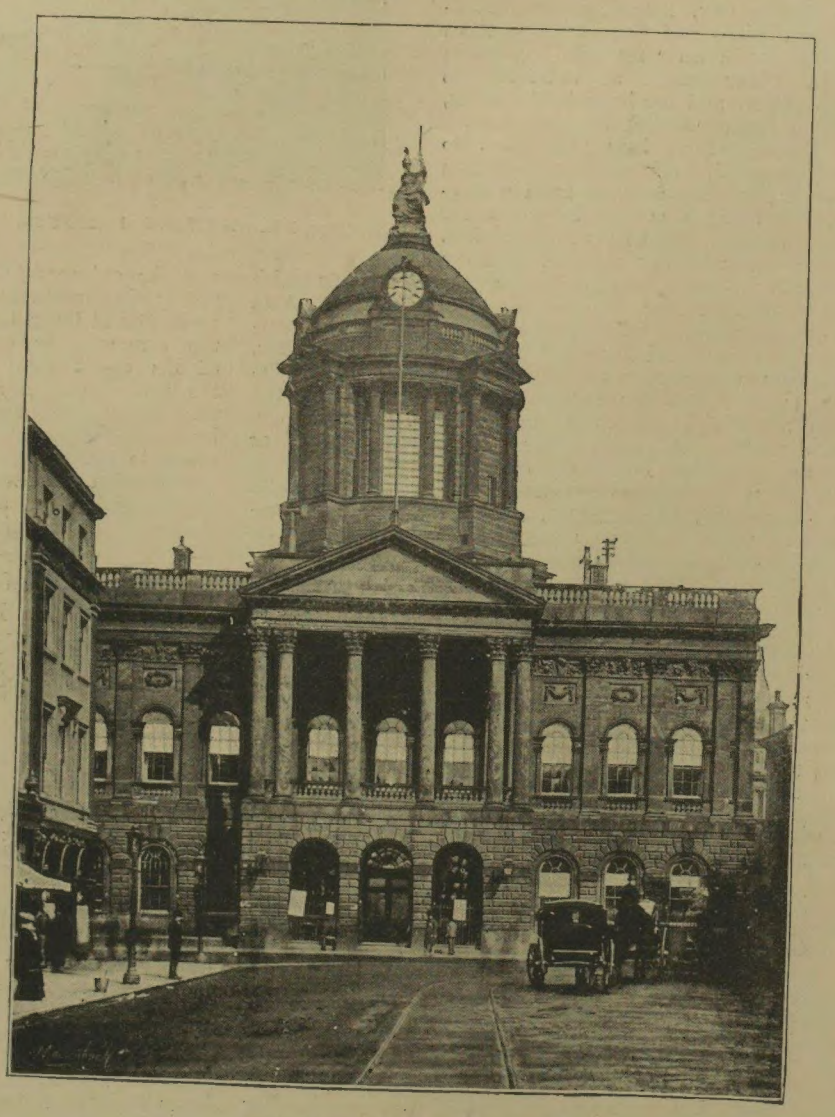
THE MANCHESTER TOWNHALL.

It would have been scarcely possible to assign the honour with so much good cause as to the rulers of Liverpool and Manchester. Those great towns, advancing on the principles of self-government, have shown what can be done by mere local energy, apart from the aid of the State. In the case of Liverpool, one has only to think of its vast shipping interests, which have called into requisition harbour improvements on a gigantic scale. Manchester, at the disadvantage of an inland town, has met the difficulty with its colossal ship canal. Both towns, too, have kept pace with the educational requirements of the day in the creation of such an institution as Victoria University, with its well-equipped colleges at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds.

There is a peculiar interest in the transition of "the Worshipful the Mayor" to "the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Liverpool," from the fact that it should be Mr. Gladstone, the youngest freeman on its burgess roll and by far its most distinguished son, that has conferred this new honour on Liverpool. There was thus more than mere official politeness in the "great pleasure" which the Premier expressed in conveying the news of the honour to Mr. R. D. Holt, the Mayor. Mr. Holt, it may be noticed, is a Liberal, but Mr. Gladstone cannot be charged with partisanship, for Mr. Marshall, the Mayor of Manchester, occupies the opposite side of politics; yet Mr. Gladstone cannot possibly forget all he owes to the school of Radicalism which Manchester gave us. But it is not from the view of Imperial politics at all that these honours must be regarded. They are really a recognition of the growth of the great self-governing towns and of their value to the country at large.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL (MR. R. D. HOLT).



THE LIVERPOOL TOWNHALL.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL, VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON JUNE 24.

PERSONAL.

A good deal of interest is always felt concerning Senior Wranglers, although their future careers have often proved of mediocre importance. Mr. George Thomas Manley, the Senior Wrangler, is twenty-one years of age. The son of Mr. Martin R. Manley, he was born at Hull, and received his education at Wakefield Grammar School. He held the Akroyd scholarship, and also gained a Governor's Scholarship. He entered Christ's College, Cambridge, with an open scholarship of £90. He has had the advantage of private tuition from Dr. E. W. Hobson, the well-known "coach."



Mr. G. T. Manley, Senior Wrangler.

M. Frederick Febvre, the vice-doyen of the Comédie Française, represents with M. Got the best traditions of the old and the new French stage. In the twenty-seven years which he has spent serving the Maison de Molière he has interpreted the characters of ninety-four authors, classic and modern; but his greatest successes have been made in certain of Molière's rôles and in the works of Dumas *fils*. M. Febvre has had a somewhat chequered career. Born in 1830, he owes nothing of his talent to the Conservatoire, for he made his first mark in a Havre theatre at the age of seventeen, and only entered the Comédie Française after having passed through eleven companies. He made his début at the Théâtre Français in 1866 as Philip II. in an historical drama written by Casimir Delavigne, and the following year was elected *sociétaire*. Since that time there has been no season when he did not create some important part, and he was one of the eleven members of the Comédie who visited London just after the Franco-German War. M. Febvre is at the present moment the only literary *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Français. He has written numberless stories and articles in the Paris papers, and hopes to bring out later a volume of reminiscences. Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, he is a welcome guest in most Parisian salons, and among his most cherished treasures is a cane given to him by the Prince of Wales as a memento of his Royal Highness's affection and esteem.

The Rev. Thomas Mozley, who has died at the ripe age of eighty-seven, has left behind him a rare literary reputation. His purely theological works are known to a comparatively small circle, but his "Reminiscences" of Oriel College and the "Oxford Movement" is one of the most delightful books in the language. As the brother-in-law of John Henry Newman, Thomas Mozley had special associations with a curiously interesting religious development and with all the personalities to which it gave distinction. But his "Reminiscences" owe their chief flavour to a peculiar, keen, and often humorous insight into character and a style which had all the modulations of the finest irony. There is a passage about Bishop Wilberforce which describes to the life that eminent dignitary's perseverance in secular advancement. He had arrived late at a meeting, and made up his mind to reach the platform and speak: "The people, finding their toes in danger, looked round, and seeing somebody looking hard and pressing onwards, always made way for him. By and by there would be a voice from the platform, 'Please allow Mr. Wilberforce to come this way,' or 'Please make way for Mr. Wilberforce.' Such a movement, of course requires great confidence, not to say self-appreciation, but anybody who is honestly and seriously resolved to do good must sometimes put a little force in circumstances."

General Sir Frederick Edward Chapman, G.C.B., who died recently, had a very distinguished military career. For twenty-one years he had been Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Engineers. He was the only son of the late Mr. Richard Chapman, of Gatchell, Somerset, and was born in 1816. After education at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he entered the Royal Engineers at the age of nineteen. He became captain in 1846, lieutenant-colonel in 1859, and colonel in the Army in 1855. He surveyed the various military positions in Turkey in 1854, and served through the Crimean War, being present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman. During the siege of Sebastopol he acted, first, as director of the left attack, and latterly as executive engineer to the forces. He was several times mentioned in despatches, and received a medal with three clasps, as well as the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the riband of the Legion of Honour, and the third class of the Medjidieh. Becoming Major-General in 1867, he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Bermuda, and, three years later, Inspector-General of Fortifications and Director of Works. The last-named office he held until 1875. He attained the full rank of General in 1877, and retired from the service in 1881. In 1855 he gained the honour of C.B.; in 1867, K.C.B., and in 1877, G.C.B.



The late Sir Frederick Chapman.

Captain Hope, the new member for Linlithgowshire, is a distinct acquisition to the physiological attractions of the House of Commons. Standing considerably over six feet, he towered above Mr. Graham Murray and Mr. T. W. Russell, who were his sponsors when he walked up the floor of the House for the first time. The new Unionist recruit is a genial giant whose popularity in Linlithgow is not due to oratorical attainments. Captain Hope has, indeed, the reputation of being the worst speaker ever heard on a platform, so his voice is not likely to reach the articulate stage in Parliament. As there are already far too many speakers in that Assembly, Linlithgow distinctly deserves to be congratulated on its representative.

One might have fancied oneself in the orchid-house at Kew or in the Black Hole of Calcutta, as was suggested by Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., rather than in the famous Indian cedar-room of Lord Brassey's town house on the occasion last week of the first annual meeting of the Women's Branch of the Horticultural College at Swanley, where fruit, flower, and vegetable culture is taught from its Alpha to its Omega. But in spite of the heat a goodly company assembled to show their interest in an institution where Eve is encouraged to take to delving rather than to spinning, and where she has carried away, at a recent examination open to both the sexes, the only diploma. Miss Cons was in the chair, supported by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, the Hon. Dudley and Lady Camilla Fortescue, Countess Alice Kearney, Lady Grove, Sir Edward Sieveking, Dean Hole, Lady Kitson, Lady Samuelson, &c. Strange to say, the society is a "going" concern.

Once again on the publication at Cambridge University of the class-list for the Mathematical Tripos the star of the "sweet girl graduate" has proved in the ascendant. Miss A. M. J. E. Johnson, who may be considered the Senior Wrangler among women this year, being placed between Nos. 5 and 6 on the list, is the daughter of Mr. Charles H. Johnson, and is a native of Cambridge, where she has achieved her highest success. Her brother was, curiously enough, Fifth Wrangler not many years ago. She is twenty-one years old, and was educated at Park Street Higher Grade School, Cambridge. Miss Johnson passed first class in the Senior Local Examination, being also the only student who was distinguished in applied and pure mathematics. A period of private study followed, and then once more her powers in mathematics were proved by her being the only one distinguished in this subject in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, which she passed first class. At the age of seventeen Miss Johnson received a scholarship at Newnham, where she has since been studying.



Miss A. M. J. E. Johnson.

Mr. Gerald Kennaway, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, who has this year earned the distinction of being at the head of the Law Tripos List at Cambridge, is the son of Mr. Walter Kennaway, C.M.G., of the New Zealand Government Office in London. Mr. G. Kennaway was born in New Zealand in 1870, and in 1889 won University scholarships at both King's College School, London, and Trinity Hall.

A performance of Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon" by the Independent Theatre Society can scarcely be said to have revealed any unsuspected dramatic qualities in that work. There is a painful lack of simplicity and directness, and it is a grave error of construction which makes Mertoun's agitation in asking Tresham for Mildred's hand seem like the actor's nervousness, because the suitor's relations with Mildred are not explained till the next act. Miss May Harvey's impersonation of the heroine showed distinct capacity for romantic drama, and Mr. Martin Harvey's Mertoun had the pleasant fervour of the boyish lover. But for dramatic purposes Browning's dialogue, with its crabbed images and its involved allusions, is a sore exasperation on a hot afternoon.

It has been arranged to hold an extensive Shelley Exhibition at the Guildhall, to open on July 11, and remain open one week. It will be carried out jointly by the Shelley Society and the Library Committee of the Corporation. The collection will include every existing manuscript of Shelley, all the personal relics extant, and a large number of his holograph letters. There will also be seen numerous portraits of Shelley and his friends. It was originally intended to hold this exhibition last year, upon the occasion of the Shelley Centenary, but circumstances prevented the arrangements being completed.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell, of Manchester and Liverpool, for our portraits of the Lord Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester; and to Mr. T. H. Lord, Market Place, Cambridge, for our portrait of Miss A. M. J. E. Johnson.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

When the impartial historian comes to chronicle the present exciting juncture in our Parliamentary annals he will, I trust, devote a page to the rise and fall of Mr. Rathbone. Mr. Rathbone is a sober British merchant, who sits behind Mr. Gladstone, and watches the course of that chieftain with mingled awe and misgiving. The debates on the Home Rule Bill have disturbed Mr. Rathbone's political faith, not that he is disposed to emulate the independence of Mr. T. H. Bolton, who now votes regularly with the Opposition heedless of remonstrance from North St. Pancras. But Mr. Rathbone has conceived the idea that some restrictions on the powers of an Irish Legislature, over and above the restrictions proposed by the Government, are desirable. His opportunity came on an amendment moved by Lord Wolmer to prevent the Irish Parliament from interfering with the "obligations of contracts." To this Mr. Rathbone wanted to add some word, which recalled the discussions on the question of Imperial supremacy. It is difficult to define Mr. Rathbone's great plan in more detail, for, like most of the suggestions in Committee, it belongs to the realm of the vague and the infinite. But the Unionists accepted it at once by way of encouraging Mr. Rathbone's promising individuality. When the House was being cleared for a division, Mr. Chamberlain, stepping down the gangway, whispered a cheering word in Mr. Rathbone's ear. Alarmed by this attempt to snatch a sheep from the fold before their very eyes, some good Gladstonians proceeded to remonstrate with Mr. Rathbone, who did not look as if he were enjoying his novel distinction. This little comedy was greeted by the Unionists with ironical cheers; but when the figures were announced, and it was found that the Ministerial majority had been suddenly increased by Marjoribanks the Necromancer, the gloss of Mr. Rathbone's achievement departed. The bloom was no longer on the rye, and the member for Carnarvonshire faded into a highly respectable background.

For the most part, these debates are gladiatorial combats of lawyers. There are points which the lay mind cannot grasp. For example, there is the difference between "just compensation" to a landlord when his property is taken from him, and "compensation such as he is now by law entitled to." The exquisite part of the business is that no law entitles anybody to any fixed compensation for anything; but this is just the sort of difficulty in which the legal intellect delights. "Have the goodness to tell me what your just compensation means," says the Unionist lawyer. "Perhaps you will oblige me by defining your compensation as by law established," retorts the Government lawyer. Sir Henry James varied this amiable see-saw by a spirited attack on Sir Charles Russell, who was supposed to have heaped contumely on the sacred right of *habeas corpus*. Since the Attorney-General returned from Paris he has been in the thick of the encounter. Sir John Rigby has subsided behind the chief law officer, and his melodious exhortations to peace and righteousness are rarely heard. Sir Charles Russell could not see that to intrust the power of suspending *habeas corpus* to the Irish Legislature was to send Mr. Dunbar Barton to a prison cell. "You will fill the jails with Ulster men," cried Mr. Barton, "but the jails will not be strong enough to hold them." The House had a vision of Mr. Barton in durance vile, with Mr. William Johnston, in disguise, whistling "Boyne Water" under the window, like another Blondel comforting the chafed spirit of another Cœur-de-Lion. Then an Orange army, composed chiefly of drums, burst upon the scene, and Mr. Barton's prison was pulled down like another Bastille. The House, I say, was tranquilly mixing its historical images when Sir Henry James broke out with an onslaught on the Attorney-General, reminded him that he was an Ulsterman, taunted him with deserting his countrymen, and generally declaimed as only a lawyer can against a rival lawyer. To this Mr. Gladstone listened with growing wrath and impatient gesture, and when Sir Henry sat down up sprang the Prime Minister, the very embodiment of battle, hurling shaft after shaft at the enemy on his flank, and sweeping the hostile ranks opposite with a flashing eye. At a crisis when his opponents are freely asserting that the Bill will never get through Committee, and that the Cabinet are awaking to the hopelessness of their task, Mr. Gladstone displays a vigour of mind and body and a buoyancy of spirit which would naturally distinguish the leader of a triumphant host. Nothing can quell that dauntless soul; no prophecy of evil can cloud his magnificent optimism. On a night when Home Rule was temporarily withdrawn from the arena, and a handful of legislators came down to discuss an abstract resolution about international arbitration, Mr. Gladstone appeared fresh and smiling, and with the aid of a wax candle, by the light of which he read some quotation, he charmed the House into the momentary belief that the dogs of war will some day be chained for ever.

It is unfortunate that to this exuberance of energy and perfect command of physical and intellectual resource Lord Randolph Churchill frequently thinks it necessary to offer a painful contrast. Of all the speeches which Lord Randolph has made on the Irish Bill, I do not think that one has held the attention of the House. It must be admitted that, with the exception of Mr. Sexton, the Irish members have contributed little of any moment to the debates. Mr. Sexton signalised his return to public life after a brief absence by leading his party twice into the lobby against the Government. This was intended as a protest against what Mr. Sexton considered the dangerous spirit of concession on the Treasury bench. Mr. Chamberlain took advantage of the circumstance to suggest in his most winning accents that the Irish members were "riding for a fall." "I don't think," he added sweetly, "that they will have to ride long." The Ministerial legions sat glum, for the action of the Irish has not given unbounded pleasure to their Liberal allies. But perhaps the consolation of the latter is that the divergencies of opinion are, all things considered, marvellously few.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen entered on the fifty-seventh year of her reign on June 20. Her Majesty left Balmoral on the same day, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise, and the Princess of Leiningen, and arrived at Windsor on Wednesday morning.

The Prince of Wales visited Chester on June 19, proceeding to Eaton Hall, where he was the guest of the Duke of Westminster. On the following day his Royal Highness inspected the Royal Agricultural Show.

The Princess of Wales is giving sittings to Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., for a portrait commissioned by the Duke of York.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife terminated their visit to Westgate-on-Sea on June 14. Their infant daughter was christened on June 22 in London.

An order has been issued by the Local Government Board with relation to the Royal Wedding Day authorising boards of guardians and managers of workhouse schools and asylums to make such "reasonable modifications in the regulations in force with regard to the discipline and diet" as may seem suitable to the occasion. At the Royal Courts of Justice the day will be observed as a holiday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and son, were present at Ascot on the Cup day.

The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of York, dined with Viscount Bury on June 14, to commemorate the eighty-fourth birthday of Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel. The guests inscribed their names on a menu card as an interesting memento for the veteran Admiral.

Prince Alfred of Edinburgh is satisfactorily recovering from scarlatina, and will soon be convalescent.

Already hundreds of wedding presents have been received by Princess May and the Duke of York. It is expected that an opportunity will be afforded to the public to inspect them.

After attending the garden party at Kew given on June 17 by Mr. George Shaw-Lefevre in their honour, Princess May returned, with the Duke of York, to White Lodge, where the latter remained over Sunday. A slight change in the route of the procession on July 6 has been made by substituting the north side of Trafalgar Square for the south side. The Duke of York has inspected the arrangements already made in the Chapel Royal.

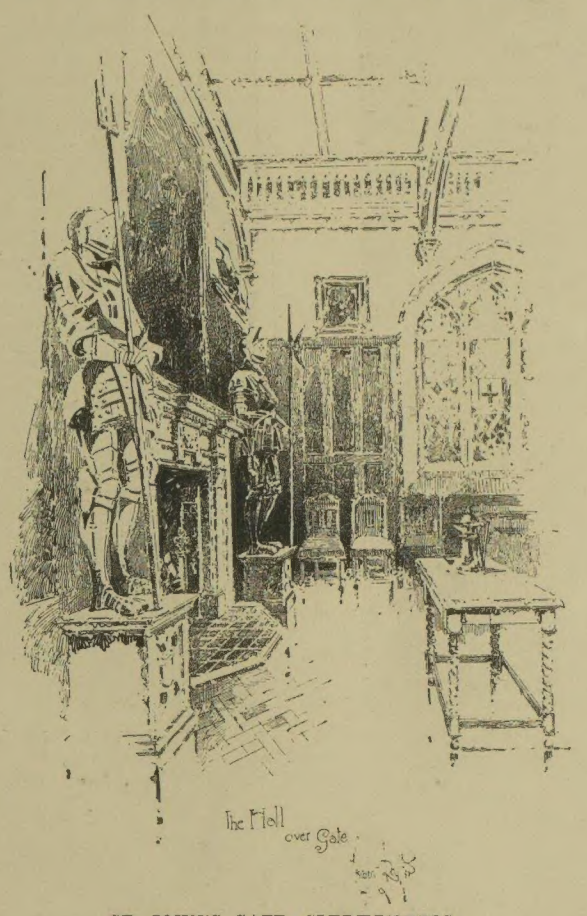
Some further details of the programme for the ceremonial in the Chapel Royal have been made known. The first procession will consist of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishop of London, the Dean of the Chapels Royal; the Bishop of Rochester, Clerk of the Closet; the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal; the Rev. the Hon. E. Carr-Glyn, Vicar of Kensington; Canon Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales; Canon Dalton, Honorary Chaplain to the Duke of York. The second procession will include the royal family and guests. The Queen's procession, including the Duchess of Teck, two Princes of Teck, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, will walk from the door in the Ambassadors' Court to the chapel. The bridegroom's procession, including the Duke of York and his supporters, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, will follow. Princess May's procession will be the last to leave the State apartments for the chapel. She will be accompanied by the Duke of Teck and Prince Adolphus of Teck, her eldest brother. The service will commence with a marriage chorale, "Father of Life," specially composed by Dr. Creser. Sir Joseph Barnby's "O perfect love," a chorale sung at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, will be given in the middle of the service, which concludes with the hymn "Now, thank we all our God." Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" will be played while the Queen and royal family are leaving the chapel.

There is to be no public holiday on July 6, the day of the royal wedding, but business will be practically suspended along the route of the royal procession. Large sums are to be expended on street decorations both in the City and the West-End, where every effort will be made to give the occasion the air of a carnival.

The position of the Government in regard to the Home Rule Bill is giving considerable anxiety to their supporters. Progress is very slow, and the contentious character of some of the clauses to come — notably those relating to finance and the retention of the Irish members — promises long and heated discussions. Mr. Gladstone has completely remodelled his financial proposals, which are less favourable to Ireland than the original arrangement, and are therefore likely to excite irritation among the Nationalists. Sanguine Unionists declare that the Bill will never get through Committee at all. Others are confident that it will occupy not only the present Session, but the entire attention of the House of Commons in the autumn.

On the other hand, Ministers have abated nothing of their resolve to press the measure through before the House adjourns for the vacation. So far, they have been steadily supported by their majority, with two or three exceptions, despite the lassitude caused by tedious debates and the oppressive weather. The Ministerialists are buoyed up partly by the unflagging spirit of the Prime Minister and partly by the prospect of getting eventually to those English measures—especially the Parish Councils Bill—on which the popularity of the Government in Great Britain must eventually depend.

The by-election in Linlithgowshire resulted in the return of the Conservative candidate, Captain Hope, after a close contest. The majority was not large, but the importance of the victory at this juncture cannot be underrated. It is said by the Linlithgow Liberals that the issue was decided not by Home Rule but by the Disestablishment question. If this be true, it seems to indicate that several Liberal seats in Scotland are in considerable peril. The forces of the Scotch Establishment have, at all events, proved stronger than was expected.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.
See "Our Illustrations."

A further bestowal of honours raises the chief municipal dignitaries of Liverpool and Manchester to the rank of Lord Mayor. Some surprise is expressed that Birmingham has not been included in the list, but the distinction is certain to be extended in time to several large cities in the United Kingdom.

A good deal of feeling has been excited against the Admiralty by the case of Edward Pluck, a workman employed for nearly thirty years in the Victualling Yard at Deptford. Pluck signed a petition for the payment of wages on statutory holidays, and it is alleged that for this act he and two comrades were summarily discharged. He committed suicide shortly afterwards. No satisfactory explanation of his dismissal has been given by the authorities, and the Parliamentary representative of the Admiralty in the House of Commons is manifestly embarrassed. To discharge a workman of twenty-seven years' standing merely because he signs a petition is an act which contrasts rather grimly with the desire of the Government to place the labourers in the public workshops on the same footing with workmen in private employ.

Lord Roberts has formally taken his seat in the House of Lords, but the particular quarter in which he sits indicates no special political bias.

The public examination of the directors and officers of the Liberator Society has led to strange revelations of almost incredible negligence. The master-spirit of one of the greatest commercial frauds of our time had remarkable fortune in the choice of his subordinates, who displayed a truly Arcadian simplicity. Some of them even now seem unable to appreciate their position, despite the very forcible comments of the examining Registrar.

According to official statistics, the labour market showed a distinct improvement in the month of May.

Cardinal Vaughan has considerately announced that in the event of the conversion of England to the doctrines of the Papacy St. George shall still remain our patron saint. With edifying zeal, but with a singular lack of humour, the Cardinal enters into an historical argument to show that St. George belongs to the Catholic calendar.

Two new second-class cruisers—the Charybdis and the Fox—have been launched. The public are waiting with mild curiosity for the news that they have sprung a leak or suffered some other of the mishaps which a new war-ship is inevitably heir to.

The heat, especially in the south of England, has been remarkable. London has sweltered for days with the thermometer nearly ninety in the shade. Thousands of people have bathed morning and evening in the Serpentine. The drought is probably without a precedent in living memory, for there has been scarcely any rain since the early days of March.

The most noteworthy event on the Continent is the electoral battle in Germany. There are so many parties in the Reichstag that the results of the elections are not easy to follow, but three broad facts stand out. The Socialists have increased their voting power enormously. The Anti-Semitic vote has grown from about fifty thousand in 1890 to a hundred and fifty thousand in 1893. The Radical party, led by Herr Richter, has been almost destroyed. It is thought that the German Chancellor will profit by this last circumstance so far as to carry the Army Bill, of which Herr Richter was the most vehement opponent.

Some sensation has been created in France by the action of the Cour de Cassation in quashing the convictions of M. Charles de Lesseps, M. Fontane, and M. Eiffel, for swindling in connection with the Panama Canal. M. Fontane and M. Eiffel have been released, but M. Charles de Lesseps is expected to finish his term of imprisonment under another count of the indictment.

An extraordinary scene was caused in the French Chamber by a conflict between M. Clémenceau and two Boulangist deputies, M. Déroulède and M. Millevoye. M. Clémenceau was vehemently reproached with his conduct in relation to M. Cornelius Herz. His assailants were not suppressed by the President, and the Chamber listened to them with no particular solicitude for M. Clémenceau's reputation.

It is understood that the Czar has intimated his desire to retain the Count de Montebello as French Ambassador at St. Petersburg. There was some idea of sending M. de Montebello to London as successor to M. Waddington, but this will probably be abandoned.

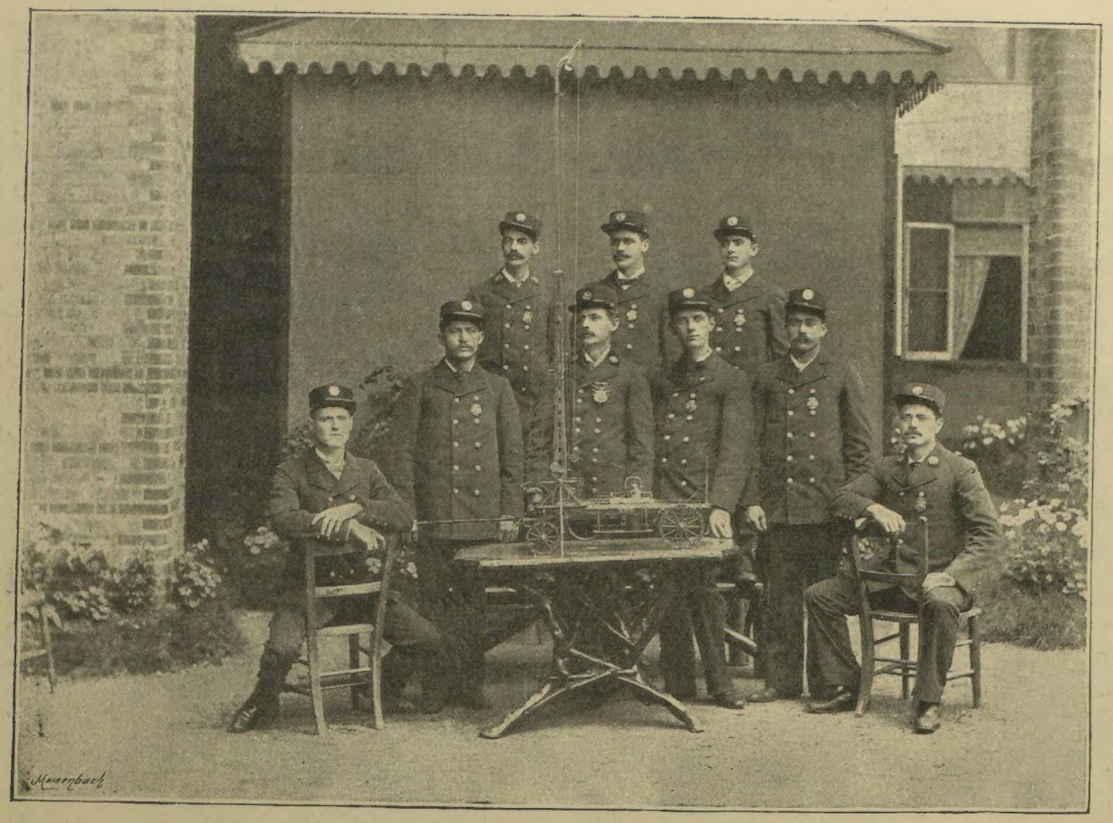
The Spanish Government is struggling with a novel difficulty. Owing to the unpopularity amongst lawyers of a proposal to suppress the district criminal courts, there has been a great strike of barristers. On a given day these gentlemen threw up their briefs, and the authorities were left with long cause lists and no pleaders. This relief from litigation does not seem to be appreciated as it deserves.



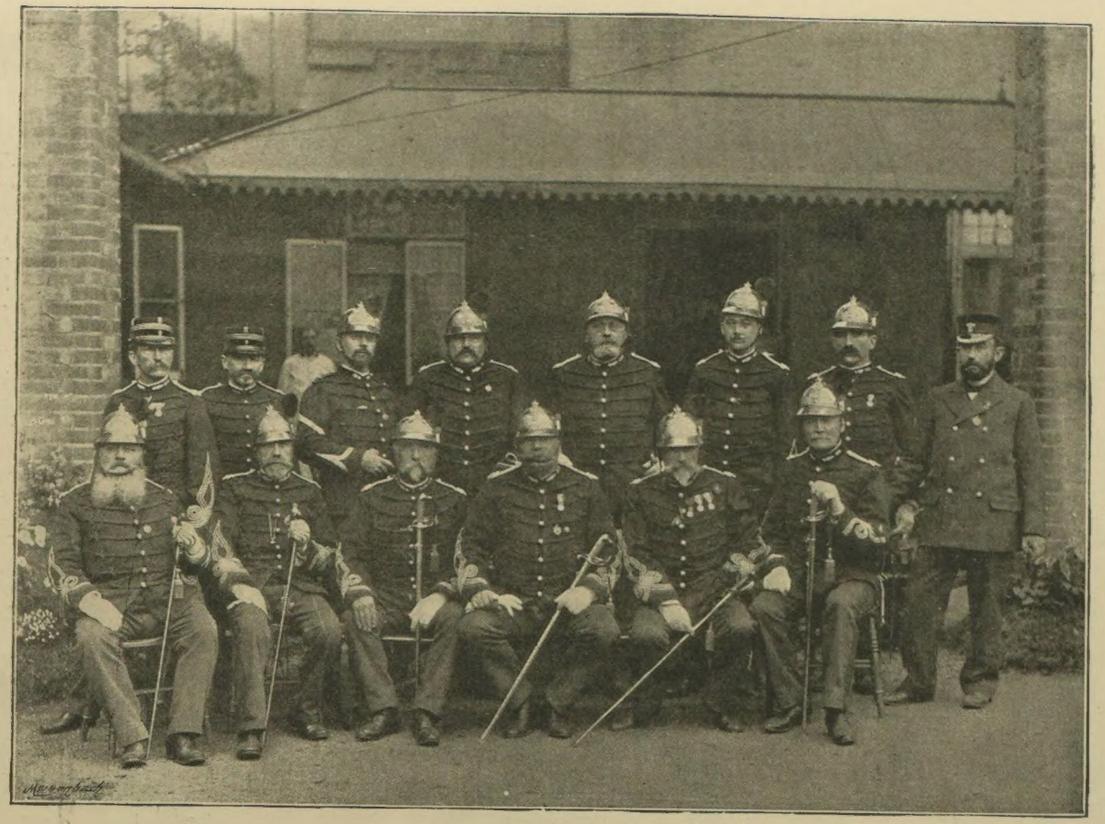
THE OAKS, EPSOM. *Photo by H. N. King.*

THE OAKS, EPSOM.

Charmingly situated near Epsom is the house known as The Oaks, at one time one of the most famous country seats in the southern counties. The house was originally built by a society of sportsmen, called "The Hunters' Club." It was purchased by the eleventh Earl of Derby from his son-in-law General Burgoyne, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and during his occupation a celebrated entertainment was given here on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Stanley with the Duke of Hamilton's daughter, at which several thousand persons were present; but it was when occupied by the thirteenth earl that it gained those associations which render it familiar to all racing men, the Derby and the Oaks deriving their appellations from the noble owner and his residence. The internal decorations are of carved oak, and a magnificent staircase forms a notable feature in the mansion, while the 181 acres which surround it include the celebrated avenue of oaks to which the name of the property has been ascribed. The mansion and grounds came to the hammer at the Mart on June 16, the bidding commencing at £15,000 and rising to £29.000, the highest offer; at £30,000 it was bought in on behalf of the vendors.



THE AMERICAN TEAM, SHOWING MODEL OF THE HALE WATER-TOWER.



THE FRENCH TEAM.



THE PORTUGUESE TEAM.



THE BELGIAN TEAM.

THE FIRE TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

From photographs by Mr. T. C. Turner, Barnsbury Park.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.—*Spenser.*



THEY were gathered together once more—it was to be for the last time—in the little garden behind the little house, with the crowded Field of the Dead on one side and the crowded Street of the Living on the other. Francesca sat on the garden bench, her hands clasped, her head hanging in the deepest dejection. She had been pleading with Emanuel to remain, but vainly. Harold and Mr. Hayling—Lord Hayling—Anthony—stood or leaned against the wall; Emanuel walked up and down the short garden path or stopped to speak. It was the hour which most he loved—the twilight after sunset, when in the soft shades the burial ground stretched out and became a vast plain and the houses seemed to recede. But this evening he was agitated. His face, always serious, was full of trouble. When he spoke it was in a quick, nervous way, unlike his usual utterance. The philosopher had lost his calm. Yet, because it was their last night together, and on the morrow he would depart, he essayed to speak as one who may never more return. Francesca continued to plead with him. "You will not go yet, Emanuel?" she said. "Oh! not yet. You will give us one more month—one more week even? We have so much to learn from you. Think! You have placed me on the threshold, and then you go away and leave me helpless!"

"You are on the threshold," Emanuel repeated. "Why, child, is not that enough? How many are there who even reach the threshold? Once there, if you are resolute and patient the doors of the Temple will open to you and you will penetrate as far as the Holy of Holies—wherein is the Presence," he added solemnly, "upon which none can look and live. What more can one do for a disciple than place him on the threshold? Yet you are a woman; you will need a leading hand; you will have Harold always instead of me."

Not another word had been spoken by either since Francesca owned her allegiance to the Law of her own People touching the submission of woman; yet Emanuel assumed the conclusion of this love affair: neither said him nay. Was it a time for maidenly pretence?

"I want you—you—Emanuel. We all want you, not each other."

"I must go. Man's life is a march, or it is a battlefield where he sometimes finds a time of truce and rest. Then he sits down and looks about him. If he is fortunate, as I have been, he finds friends among the men and affection among the maidens. But, friends or no friends, he must not stay too long. Very soon he must get up and go on again, with the memory of his friends to console him, and the image in his heart of those with whom he has talked. It is time, dear child, that I must get up and go away."

"Why must you go, Emanuel?" asked Harold. "Why not stay with us and wander no more? There are battles enough to fight here among all these people—your own, if you like—without going into the Desert."

"The houses choke me. I cannot see the people for the houses in which they dwell. I cannot hear their voices for the noise of their work. In the silence of the Desert I can listen to the voice of man and I can see the soul of man. But not here. I must go."

Yet he was agitated, shaken: the drooping figure of the girl moved him, her entreaties shook him, he could not stand still, he could not even remain silent.

"I must go," he repeated. "My mind has been shaken. Past things have been revived. I have seen persons who I never thought to meet again: old emotions have been awakened, even old regrets. My child, I cannot even talk with you without being reminded continually of—another person." He spoke with an effort. "I must endeavour somehow—by distance and forgetfulness—to regain my old tranquillity. I must not suffer new ties of friendship to bind me—even to you, my friends, my children. They will but embitter my closing days with regrets and longings. Let me go, and remember you only as one stage of the journey, just as one remembers the day when one was thirty years of age."

"You will not forget us, Emanuel," said Francesca. "You cannot. But you can go out of the crowded streets, and we will follow and be with you. The new ties of friendship should bind you more strongly to the humanity of which you think continually. Emanuel," she laid her hand upon his arm, "be persuaded."

"Nay, I must go. I have stayed too long already. It will take a long time to recover the lost tranquillity. I must go." But he showed in his voice that he fain would stay.

"Be persuaded, Emanuel," said Lord Hayling, or Anthony. "Stay a little longer, if only to support and encourage a man who is sometimes tempted to grumble though he has got all that he asked. Your voice the last two months has been a help and a stay. Things sometimes seem rather too much even for the Common Lot. When I say that the Countess has this day appeared before the Magistrates for being drunk and disorderly"——

"My friend, you want no help," said Emanuel. "You have got all you asked—and more."

"Be persuaded, Emanuel," said Harold. "There is the great Discovery. Will you leave that upon my hands?"

"My Discovery," said Emanuel, answering Harold. "That is another reason for going away and staying away. My Discovery, of which I thought so much." He laughed gently. "I suppose there never was any man so joyful over any Discovery as I was while I tramped across Russia with the thing in my head and no means of putting it down



Then Emanuel looked upon his daughter's face and knew that she was his own child. . . . And without a word Francesca fell into her father's embrace.

on paper. I foresaw—you all know, I told you all, what I foresaw: the Dream of the Coming Heaven—the Golden Age—the Saturnian Reign, the event of the long expected Prophecy, the age of Peace and Goodwill. By me—man was to abandon for ever the chief curse of humanity: by me—there were to be no more wars; not because men had learned for themselves and understood why war should be abolished, but because I—I myself—a humble Jew driven with blows and threats out of the Czar's realm—had discovered an instrument which rendered war impossible! Wonderful, was it not? Wonderful! Never any man more puffed up with pride than I was. I tried to speak humbly, but I was filled and blown out with pride. You remember my insolence and my pride, Harold."

"I remember nothing of the kind," said Harold.

"I thought that I would give you the Discovery. It should be yours to announce it, to prepare the way for it, and to present it to the world. What would it matter who discovered it? I knew that I should have the pride of it, all my life. So that was the meaning—that, and nothing else, as I now perceive—of my false humility. I would go away again and remain unseen and unknown, rejoicing all my life to think that my Invention was working its way and that the world was changing. I had no doubt—no doubt at all—of what would happen."

"And now, Emanuel?"

"Now I perceive that it was but another Dream. I have been a Dreamer all my life. Nothing in the world makes men more happy than dreams of things impossible."

"Your invention," said Harold, "is no Dream: it is a reality—a reality more awful and more terrible than I can grasp. That is no dream, but the biggest thing that Chemistry has ever yet achieved."

"Yet a Dream. Oh! my friends, let me confess. I can never again lift my head for the shame that has fallen upon me."

"Oh! my master!"—Francesca sprang to her feet and caught his hand—"you to speak of shame! You, whose heart is full of love and wisdom! Ours is the shame to be so far—so far below you. Shame? And for you?"

"Shame, child, because I was so shortsighted that I thought this thing, which I now perceive would fill the whole world with Devils, was the Gift of the Lord. And it was your doing, child—you first made me doubt. A woman sees quicker and farther than a man. But I was dreaming—I was dreaming."

The girl bent over him and kissed his hand, while her tears fell upon it.

"Let me confess," said Emanuel, "let me confess. I am a Dreamer of Dreams. I dwell in the world which is not." He looked across the Field of the Dead, his right hand shading his eyes as if he saw on the Plain of Death the world of his dreams. "No man so happy as one who can see far beyond the present the future that shall be. We have been a nation of such Dreamers, because for two thousand years we could not bear to think upon the present. Yes"—his eyes were the veritable eyes of a Dreamer—"all my life I have dreamed of the Great Prophecy Unfulfilled—the greatest of all the Prophecies—the Reign of Peace and Love. All the obstacles—greed of gold, selfishness, lust for power, war, ignorance, shortness of life—all these things seemed to me capable of being removed and abolished were men for once persuaded to endeavour after that time. I thought of the wise men of the world filling the brains and firing the hearts of all the rest with a burning desire to achieve this time—the rage of the Crusade would be a poor and feeble emotion compared with the ardent passion after Righteousness which would be roused among all mankind by the exhortations of these Prophets. I have had this vision always, I say; I have ardently longed and prayed to do something, however small, to help that time. Then I came to understand that as man's spiritual strength rises out of his physical necessities and instincts, so that the soul grows with food as the body: and must be nourished with new food as the body: and as the highest love grows out of the lowest instinct, so the advance of man has been always step by step with his advance in physical knowledge. For this reason, the change for good or evil during the last sixty years is unparalleled by any change in any previous thousand years of the world's history. Therefore I thought some great physical discovery might at any time be made which should give to the world one more decided step. I could not alleviate or prevent disease, or lengthen this our short span of life, or make men give up the foolish pursuit of riches. But I could—and did—invent a means whereby, I fondly thought, war should be rendered impossible for all future time. You know the rest, Harold. You remember how I announced to you, mysteriously, my Discovery. You remember how I revealed it—how, in this garden, after we had spoken of the continuity of the human race, which seemed to make it so much more precious. The continuity of life is, I know, not a new doctrine. I have not invented or discovered this truth. It has been taught by many learned Rabbis in many forms. It is sufficient for me to know that what we do in this present life we do for ourselves in the ages to come. Therefore my Discovery, as I believed, would be not for what we call posterity, but for ourselves—ourselves—ourselves. You remember how we talked"——

"As if we could ever forget!" Francesca murmured.

"Then you, child, brought your doubts. See how a woman may bring to shame the man who thinketh himself wise! You spoke as a woman—inasmuch as you considered the effect it would have upon Man. Where would be his courage? you asked. For a man's courage, you said, wiser than I, means his invention, his enterprise, his success, his desire of excellence. Man without the fighting instinct, you said, being wiser in your instinct that I with my knowledge, would become like a woman: content to sit down and accept what is brought; or he would become like one of a horde of monkeys preying upon each other. That is what you said, Francesca."

"Yes, my Master, that is what I dared to say."

"I was too full of my own belief to pay much heed at first. But afterwards—afterwards—yes, I began to have doubts. Then you, Anthony, spoke in your turn. You said that my Discovery would do none of the things that I hoped for it. You said that it would either make War more terrible or would lead to a more intolerable tyranny than any the world has ever seen. You said also that it would destroy all that is left of the Common Life—with Common action, discipline, and obedience—so that the rich would become ever richer and richer and more tyrannical, and the poor feebler and more wretched; that is what you said, Anthony."

"That is pretty well the substance of what I said. I have thought more about it, and I think so still, but more strongly. We want the restoration of the Common, not the Individual Life. In Communities we may work out our salvation. We are just returning to the idea of the Community; and your unfortunate Invention, Emanuel, would arrive like a gift of Setebos the Troubler to make the Community impossible."

Emanuel turned to Harold. "You have not spoken, my friend. Well, I am going away. I leave this Thing in your hands. I give it to you, Harold."

"You can no more give such a thing to me, Emanuel, than you can give me the wit and wisdom of your brain. No more than you can give me your eyes and the look that lies in them. It is yours—your very own—your child, whether a Devil or an Angel."

"Tell me, then, what you think. Speak. This child of mine—is it Devil or Angel?"

"Frankly, Devil. It will prove the worst Devil ever let loose upon an unfortunate world. I have been thinking of nothing else, I believe, since you revealed the thing. You thought that because you would make war inconceivably more terrible than ever you would make men more inclined for righteousness. That can only be the effect if men were ready for righteousness, which is, I take it, unselfishness. You judge the world by yourself, Emanuel. Because you ardently desire this Return of the Golden Age you think that all men desire that happy time. I assure you that what all men want is not the Golden Age at all, but as much as they can devour and more. And into this world you introduce a weapon which will give to everyone—old and young, rich and poor, strong and weak, the power of unlimited destruction. Any man may destroy what he pleases and as much as he pleases to gratify his own greed or his rage or his malice. What a world—what a world it will be when this Devil is loose among us! Why, he will break up everything—Society, community, cities, industries, arts, science—everything. Men will drift apart—we shall resolve into the original elements, we shall live apart, suspicious, waiting every day to be killed by an invisible foe—ready to go forth and slay all around us for very safety!"

Emanuel groaned. "This is what I myself have learned. You are all right. And I, who thought myself so wise, am proved a Fool. This is the end of that great Dream. Well, Harold, it is yours. I give it to you. What will you do with it?"

"By your orders, what you choose. Without your orders, nothing; I will not take upon myself the awful responsibility of giving to the world this weapon of universal destruction. Nor will I place in the hands of even our own Government an instrument which could be turned to such purposes as this, not even for the sake—if the question should arise—of the national safety."

"A physical discovery," said Emanuel, "may be preparatory. Most great things have been arrived at by tentatives. If men are not ready for them, they are kept back. Many things were known concerning the powers of steam before it was made the slave of man; and of electricity before it was caught and trained and forced to work for man. For, you see, it was not until this century that men were prepared and ready for steam and electricity. And then these forces were tamed and pressed into our service. When the story of man comes to be written, it will be understood how certain qualities grew slowly in his brain while he was doing over and over again, from generation to generation, the same things in the same way, just as a boy writing exercises over and over again, and at last makes grammar a part of his brain. But that boy does not begin to write until the grammar is a part of his brain—so with man: he prepares—sometimes for thousands of years—for the next great step. When it comes he is ready. My friends, I admit, sorrowfully, that the world is not yet ready for the abolition of war. And I confess with shame that my invention will not abolish war. We must not abandon war until we have learned to practise, without the aid of war, all the things which render war valuable—courage, enterprise, discipline, desire to excel—and have transferred them to the Life in Common. When all lives are spent in working for the good of all, we shall be like the Monks who worked together in their Cloisters, all for the Brotherhood, not for wages, and gave their best to the Community, because they had no self to take it. The Brotherhood—yes. We shall form one great Brotherhood. That will be the greatest and the last of social schemes and experiments. Like all great things it was discovered by our People—it came out of the Law and the Prophets—and the Christians in their monasteries only imitated the Essenes, who were Jews." He sighed heavily. "Alas! we are as yet far off. When this truth is accepted, my friends, war will cease naturally. Then, if my invention is discovered anew it will only make that physically impossible which has already become morally impossible. Of all the evils of which we complain, war will be the last to vanish. The Prophet, I now perceive, spoke not of the sudden conversion of the universal human heart but of the gradual change. Let us work our utmost for that gradual change for ourselves—ourselves."

"And—again—your Discovery, Emanuel?"

"The Discovery—I leave it in your hands, Harold. Destroy it—publish it—as you will. It is not mine, I repeat. Let me never hear any more about it."

"I must not destroy a scientific truth," replied the chemist. "I will preserve it. I will lock it up for the whole of my life, and I will leave it at my death, as a secret gift, to the President of the Royal Society. Will that be a reasonable compromise, Emanuel."

"As you will. I leave it in your hands. It is sufficient for me to understand and to confess that it is not what I hoped and believed. Not unto me is it given to change the course of this mighty river."

"Very well—I will add within the packet a note stating that this paper was placed in my hands on the twentieth day of the month of June 1892 by its discoverer, Emanuel—Emanuel—now I come to think of it—the very first time that I have thought of it. . . . I have never heard your surname, Emanuel."

"Have you not? It matters nothing. Among my friends I have but one name—Emanuel. When I was young and belonged to Western Europe, they called me Emanuel Elveda."

"Elveda?" Francesca looked up astonished. "My own name?"

"Emanuel Elveda?" Harold repeated. Then the whole truth flashed upon him. He knew the story of the separation. The husband was a man of science, a chemist of great promise, who had gone away—perished in Morocco, it was thought. And he knew the miniature—Francesca's portrait of her father—and now he recognised the likeness, and, with the certainty that is surer than logic, and falls upon the mind with greater swiftness than follows the narration of facts, he knew the man before him. "Emanuel Elveda! You are Emanuel Elveda, come back again? Why, we thought you dead—dead—dead long ago. Francesca, this is Emanuel Elveda—Emanuel Elveda"——

"Yes, I am Emanuel Elveda. Why not? Why are you astonished?"

"Oh! He asks why I am astonished!"

Francesca looked up quietly.

"What is the matter? Is your name really Emanuel Elveda? Why, that is my name too. My father was Elveda. We must be cousins."

"Cousins!" Harold repeated, scornfully and impatiently. "Has no one got eyes but myself? Good Heavens! Emanuel—tell me please—you once had a wife?"

"Certainly, I had once a wife."

"What was her name?"

"Her name was Isabel—Isabel Albu."

"Francesca! now do you understand. His wife's name was Isabel. This man—this wise man—this man we all love—why—he is your father—your own father—your father—Francesca."

Francesca remained unmoved.

"You are quite wrong, Harold," she said coldly. "My father is dead long ago. He died on an expedition to Morocco."

"You are quite wrong, Harold," said Emanuel. "I have no daughter."

"Are there two Emanuel Elvedas? Two chemists of that name? Two men of that name who separated from their wives? Two Isabels of that name who parted from their husbands? Are there two men with the same face? Francesca, we are blind. Here is the very face of your miniature—twenty years older. I know now why I always thought I knew your face, Emanuel. Francesca," for the girl began to doubt and to tremble. "It is—it is—your father, I tell you. It must be."

"My father is dead," she repeated. "He died long ago, in Morocco. But oh! I wish"——

"I have no child," said Emanuel. "I left my wife long ago. But—if it had been otherwise—I wish"——

"Tell me again, man!" cried Harold, impatiently, "are there two men of your name and your story? Are there two women of that same name and that same story?"

"But—I have no child."

"My father left my mother a month after their marriage," Francesca explained. "He saw her a year later, when I was an infant. He was not told that I existed. He went away, and my mother heard afterwards that he was dead—it was said that he had died on a scientific expedition. I do not understand. I have always been told that my father was dead," she added helplessly.

"Who is your mother, Francesca?" Harold persisted. "Tell us that. Where does she live?"

"She is Isabel Elveda, who has written on the Condition of Women, and she now lives in the Cromwell Road."

"In the Cromwell Road?" Emanuel asked. "Why, I have seen her. She is my wife! You are her child? I saw her a few days ago. My wife lives in the Cromwell Road. Your mother lives— What does this mean? I have no daughter. What does all this mean? Harold, you began it. Tell me what it means. I am childish. How can Francesca be my daughter?"

He looked around in helpless agitation and confusion.

At that moment a white figure appeared at the garden door and ran swiftly down the garden path. It was Clara, coming to clear up all before Emanuel vanished again into the country where there is no post and where nobody has an address.

"Clara!" cried Francesca, "tell me, if you can—tell me, for Heaven's sake, what this means."

"We have just discovered," said Harold, briefly, "that Emanuel's name is Elveda."

"Oh! They have just found it out? I came here this evening on purpose to tell them. I have known it all along. Francesca, forgive me. I thought that if I brought you two together you would find out before very long the secret of your relationship, and I knew that whether the delay was long or short you would learn to love each other. But, to be sure, I thought it would be discovered in a day or two, or even in an hour or two. If you had been ordinary folk you would have found it out long ago. But your heads were up in the

clouds—you never stooped to ask the simplest questions as to who and what you were—at home—as they say at school. Your heads were in the air: you were always talking of things too deep for ordinary mortals. So you have only just found it out."

"I don't understand yet," said Francesca.

"One moment. Tell me, dear, are you grateful to me for bringing you to know Emanuel?"

"Yes—yes, of course I am."

"Do you already respect and revere him? Do you sit at his feet and hear him?"

"He has been my Master. I have no words for the respect and veneration in which I hold him."

"Add love, then, to your veneration, for he is your father. Emanuel, are you willing to have a daughter?"

"I have never thought it possible that I should have a daughter."

"Yet you have one. That evening when you bade farewell to your wife this child was an infant three months old lying in a cradle. But you were not told. If you have any doubt, ask Melkah—the old Syrian woman—you remember Melkah? Look at this girl and ask your own heart. Can you love this girl? Look at her face—is it not your own?"

Then Emanuel looked upon his daughter's face and knew that she was his own child. And he lifted his hands solemnly to bless his daughter. But he spoke no word. And without a word Francesca fell into her father's embrace.

Clara touched Harold's hand, and they left the father and daughter together. "I was afraid," she said in the parlour, "that I should be too late. I only understood this evening that his departure was so near. Oh! if he had disappeared again without learning the truth! I should never have dared to tell Francesca. We knew it all along, because he came to father with a letter from a foreign correspondent. I don't know whether it was wisest to act as we did—I wanted Francesca to be influenced by him. I found out before she came here what a wonderful creature he is—I knew he would touch her imagination. We will go away and leave them for the night. They will have so much to say."

"You knew all along?"

"Yes. Oh! there is more. Madame Elveda is my cousin—that my father knew, but I did not. Our name is Albu, and her name was Albu. And now she has lost nearly all her money, poor lady! and she has lost her daughter, for Francesca will never take up Woman's cause now, never—never—never. She will love her father too much. Mr. Alleyne, I'm sorry you've lost your peerage, but it is a wonderful thing for Nelly, isn't it? You will have for wife, after all, a Daughter of the Law obedient to the will of her husband. That is, of course, if Francesca"——

Harold smiled. Christians, before the wedding bells ring, are only half-hearted about wishing the obedience of their wives.

"Provided," he said, "that she accepts in exchange"—to an Oriental like Clara the words were mere foolishness—"the service and the obedience of her lover."

A week later the same group were gathered together again in that little room. Francesca was in travelling costume, and her boxes were in the narrow passage outside. Emanuel's travelling costume remained the same as he had always worn, and his luggage consisted of a bag in which were his carving tools and a few necessaries.

"Everything is ready, Francesca?" asked Harold. "Can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing more, Harold, thank you. We are going right through to Beirût—from there I will write to you—and to Damascus next. There I will write again. After that we are going to join some Arab tribe and live awhile in the Desert."

"Have you seen your mother?"

"Yes; she is hard and bitter. She cannot forgive me, though she tried to say kind things. I have deserted her—and the Cause—oh! the Cause!" She shuddered. "She has lost her friends with her fortune. Except for Melkah, she is alone. Go and see her often, Harold. She will be very lonely."

"And you—you are happy, Francesca?"

"Happier than I have ever been in all my life before. There is nothing in the world to live for but the life of nature and God's Law. I have my father to study and to obey. It is such happiness as I never imagined. And all the world has grown so real—and I am in it, not outside it. The Passing Show is part of the Eternal Drama in which I, too, play my humble part. I have my father and my cousins. I am no longer without kith and kin."

"Will you not acknowledge your lover as well?" he whispered.

"Yes—I have—you. What more can I want, or look to have? Let me, like Anthony, have the Common Lot! What better can there be than the Lot intended by the Lord for all?"

Harold started. Who had ever before heard from Francesca's lips a single word in the spirit of the Faith?

"The Common Lot," said the Earl. "I chose it and would not give it up, though the Countess has been again fined twenty shillings and costs—for the usual offence. The Common Lot is best."

"We leave you." Emanuel looked about him. "I take my daughter—my Francesca"—his voice dropped like that of a lover when he names his mistress, and his eyes grew humid as he gazed upon her—"I take my daughter to the Land of our Fathers. She shall see the ruins where her ancestor the Prince of the Captivity ruled for a thousand years, and she shall see the cities and mountains where another ancestor King reigned for his allotted time and wrote his Psalms for all time. Then we will stay awhile in the Desert. After a time she will return to you; but as for me, I will return no more to the vast collections of bricks called the towns of Europe. I have been presumptuous. I thought it was given to me alone among men suddenly to change the mind of the world and to make them ready for the Reign of Peace. I must win my way back to humility by meditation and by silence. You shall have my daughter back, but for me, I shall return no more."

"Francesca!" Harold took her hand. "Francesca, my Rose of Sharon!"

"Patience, Harold. Oh! dear friend, suffer me to be with my father—my own father—a little longer. Oh! you cannot tell what a happiness it is to hear his voice, only to serve him and to obey him! A little longer, Harold! Then, if it please my Lord, and if his handmaiden still finds favour in his eyes"——

THE END.



Harold took her hand. "Francesca, my Rose of Sharon!"

NEW STORY BY GILBERT PARKER.

In our Next Issue will be commenced a New Story by Gilbert Parker, "The Trail of the Sword," Illustrated by A. Forestier.

Lord and Lady Roberts are about to visit Oxford as the guests of Sir William Hunter. Lord Roberts will take part in the procession of doctors and dignitaries of the University on the occasion of the Encænia.

Rarely has such hot weather prevailed in London as has recently been the case. On June 16 the heat was so great that the thermometer registered 80 deg. in the shade. The want of rain is still keenly felt all over the country, although heavy thunder-storms have taken place in the North of England. In more than one district the aid of fire-engines has been appropriated for watering the crops. The season has given a marvellous proof of the extraordinary water supply with which the country is favoured.

The rules of the Comédie Française Company are like the laws of the Medes and Persians: they cannot even be broken for the sake of so talented an actress as Madame Jane Hading. She is precluded, as a junior member of the famous company, from appearing in London in more than one play. She quite complacently acquiesces in this arrangement, which will be regarded in another manner by the play-going public. It is a striking circumstance that at this moment three of the most attractive entertainments in London—the Opera, Signora Eleonora Duse, and the Comédie Française—should be mainly supplied by foreigners. It is one more proof of the cosmopolitan sympathies of English people.

Mr. Corney Grain, who seems in these days to be accelerating the production of new sketches, has just introduced at St. George's Hall some pleasant and entertaining satire entitled "Echoes from the Opera." Herein he describes with marvellous musical mimicry the various styles of opera so familiar to the London public this season. His command of the many languages in which opera is commonly interpreted is extraordinary. Mr. Corney Grain reaps a harvest of applause by his good-tempered remarks on the chatterers, the late arrivals at the opera, and the young men who belittle every English performer. He rapidly sketches an ordinary opera, with its laughable impossibilities, displaying rather more than his accustomed skill on the piano in the imitation of orchestral accompaniments. Undoubtedly, this topical sketch will add to the popularity of the excellent programme which precedes it at German Reed's Entertainment.

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AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.



THE BANK SCARE AT MELBOURNE: SCENE OUTSIDE THE UNION BANK, COLLINS STREET, ON MAY 1.

SKETCH BY J. MACFARLANE, OF MELBOURNE.



IN A "DARLING" SHOWER, OR DUST-STORM, ON THE ONE TREE PLAIN.

SKETCH BY J. MACFARLANE, OF MELBOURNE.



II.—THE DELIGHT OF LOOKING DIFFERENT.

(*Contributed by Miss Miriam Carthwaite Robinsmith.*)

I do not in the least blame the man who took me in to dinner last night. He talked almost exclusively to the wrong side, but then Mrs. Cathley's eyes are unquestionably very beautiful. They are full of poetry. She spends her time in efforts to imperil, without losing, the reputation which, as a matter of fact, she has never possessed. Her intellect is bounded on the north by the novelette; her ethics are saved by her cowardice; as for her manner, I honestly believe that they flirt better in the suburbs. But there is no doubt about her eyes. She is distinctly a beautiful woman. That is the reason why my conversation at dinner last night was limited to two or three eleemosynary remarks about the scenery of the county and my own replies. It was no revelation to me; this particular man may have been a shade worse than other men, but he only did what all the others of his age do, more or less. He neglected me. As a rule, I am made to feel like a stack of meat that has been condemned by the commissioners as unfit for human food. As for dances, men set their teeth and ask me, if the dance happens to be at our own house. At other houses they let me alone. I have seen kind women working like 'bus-horses to get me partners—and failing. Yet I would a million times sooner have neglect than kind and sympathetic tact. I hate tact. I get it from some of my friends and relations, mostly feminine.

My sister Ada (who has eyelashes and droops) is engaged to be married. It happened rather suddenly last season. Her fiancé, Francis, is still new to the task of loving a fresh family. He is rather good at it. He talks the family to Ada for twenty minutes every day, as near as I can calculate it. He studies us. He could not search more industriously for our good points if it were a scientific enthusiasm with him and the nation had subscribed an exploration fund to help him. Three days after the engagement he had unbricked "a bright and sunny temperament" in my father, and mentioned it to Ada. She told my father, of course: she is simply all tact; people as a rule, like Ada. Then Francis set to work on my brother Peter. Peter is eighteen years old; I have known him all the time, and I know that he is awful. Francis compared him with Bayard, slightly to the disadvantage of Bayard. Of course, Ada being, as I have said, all tact, repeated this to Peter. Peter, however, is not quite enough of an idiot to enjoy that particular kind of idiocy. After this Francis took a rest for some time; he sat and sunned himself in our approving smiles. Then one night it occurred to him, I suppose, that he ought to be ingratiating himself again. So he began to make euphemisms about my personal appearance. "An aristocratic look" is, I understand, the best euphemism for prominent teeth. When all the features are irregular, infinite mercy says that the face is full of character or striking. Well, it is quite right that Francis should brotherly love me and talk euphemistically to Ada. But why should Ada bring me these complimentary scraps, set them down in front of me, and expect me to lick her hand, wag my tail, and devour them? I know that I need consolation, but it does not console me to remind me of the fact. When Ada wants to be sympathetic, however, she seems to lose her ability to appreciate quite simple things, consequently she is sometimes a little inconsistent, as, for instance, on the day when I had given her my spotted foulard—it looks rather like spotted leopard, as one writes it. On that occasion, however, her sympathy was complicated by gratitude: she thought that she ought to make some return; and that may have been the reason why she implied in her first sentence that I was not ugly, in her second that I was ugly, but that it did not matter, and in her third that it did matter, but that there was a home beyond the skies. I do not like neglect; I absolutely hate tact.

What, then, is my dearest delight? It would be quite unattainable. I want to look different; I want to be beautiful. It is of not the least use to tell me that looks are not everything, and that the wisest men do not judge by appearances, and that the ugliest women sometimes get married. Ada has not forgotten to tell me all that. Marriage is very much like the French genders—it has no rules, only exceptions. I have some money, and I suppose that I could get married if I gave my mind to it. But that is not what I want. I want to have beauty, and I know what I should do with it.

I would snub every man except one. At present, if I receive from any young man the least attempt at small talk, I fawn upon him and respond with ridiculous alacrity. It is weak of me, but I cannot help it. It is not that I want to have his small talk, but that I want him to want to give me it. If I were beautiful I should not need small talk or any other evidence that I was not repulsive. I do not want to be miscellaneous, like Mrs. Cathley. She looks very nice when she is carefully undressed for the evening, but I do not admire miscellaneousness. I would snub every man except one. And what would I do with the exception? I would break his heart. It does not sound merciful, but then no man has ever been merciful to me.

Many women, on the other hand, have been very merciful to me. Once more, I would be quite just. I would be very merciful to them; I know how a woman's mercy hurts.

Good-bye, my dearest delight. You are only imaginary. And the excellent mirror which is opposite to me as I write is real and truthful.



The excellent mirror which is opposite to me as I write is real and truthful.



1. Fitzowl: "What an infernal dust that fellow is making! I must get in front of him."
2. Yokel: "Hello! going to pass me, is he? Well, I don't want his dust! Come up, hoss!"
3. Fitzowl: "Confound the fellow, he wants to race! Must take the conceit out of him!"
4. Yokel: "Come, matey, no galloping! Trot fair!"
5. Neck and neck.
6. The finishing post.

A RACE FOR THE DUST.

ON AMAZING PROFESSOR BOYESEN.

BY ANDREW LANG.

I have not lived in vain: I have amazed and amused a Professor. His name is Professor H. H. Boyesen. He writes on "American Literary Criticism and its Value," in the *Forum*, and I gather from what he says that he is an author and a critic, as well as a Professor of something; also that he has heroines of his own, though that may be an incorrect inference. Though I am not an American critic, yet the learned Professor goes out of his way to inform the world that I am amazing and amusing. Can I do less than return the compliment, assuring the Professor that he astonishes me a good deal by his estimates of himself and of other people? Here is a part of his contribution to culture—

> The value of a criticism depends primarily upon the insight and the intellectual equipment of its author; and where these are slight, or altogether lacking, the power of the verdict for good or for ill is correspondingly small. What, for instance, can it matter to me if an anonymous young gentleman who incidentally confesses to a warm admiration for Rider Haggard and regards Walter Scott as the grand master of fiction—what can it matter to me, I say, if such a man finds me dull and commonplace? I have never suspended my heroines over the brinks of yawning chasms, nor have I introduced monkeys falling in love with men or men with monkeys; nor am I equal to the depicting of the perennial charms of women two thousand years old. The laurels of romancers who revel in this style of juvenile entertainment never disturb my slumbers; and the opinions of critics who, like the amazing Andrew Lang, take pleasure in such rubbish may amuse me, but influence me no more than the chorus of mosquitoes that hum about my ears of a summer's night. If, on the other hand, a reviewer, whether anonymous or not, shows himself to be in tolerable sympathy with my aim and my conception of what fiction should be, I read what he has to say with a critical reservation perhaps, but yet with interest, and a desire to profit by his advice.

Professor Boyesen is undisturbed by the critical remarks of people who admire Mr. Haggard and "regard Walter Scott as the grand master of fiction." These are, among others, the ideas or tastes of the humble scribbler whom Professor Boyesen calls "amazing." Leaving Mr. Haggard out of the question for the moment, I certainly do regard Sir Walter as "the grand master of fiction." But does that show "want of intellectual equipment"? If so, not only the millions who have read (and bought) the Waverley Novels, and who still buy them, after sixty years, in every sort and size of edition, have no intellectual equipment, but men of politics, like Mr. Gladstone, men of letters, like two generations of them in England and Europe, are inadequately equipped with intellect. Sidney Smith, Balzac, Dumas, Goethe—all placed Sir Walter where I place him, and Professor Boyesen must have a gigantic mental development if he can afford to despise them. I admit that they never had a chance to read Professor Boyesen's novels, or they might have given Scott a second place. Indeed, to the best of my memory and belief I also never saw the novels of the Professor: when I have read them I shall be able to reconsider my opinion about Sir Walter. There are other novels which came too late for my great allies; there are "The Leavenworth Case," and the writings of Miss Mary Wilkins, Mr. Howells, and many other recent authors of all countries. One can only say that Goethe, Balzac, Dumas thought Scott the master of fiction, as far as fiction had gone. These class-lists are always rather silly: one could quarrel with the intellectual equipment of nobody who preferred Cervantes or Fielding or Jane Austen to Scott; the *genres* are so different that comparison and absolute estimate of relative "greatness" are hardly possible. True greatness here lies in the creation of characters. Except Shakspere, probably no man has created characters so many, so full of life, so universally known, as Scott. Against this we set his slovenliness, his prolixity, his deficiency in the lighter graces of modern dialogue (in which he always failed), and his misfortune in only being a Scotsman, and in lacking the counsel and example of Professor Boyesen. These are drawbacks—some of them very considerable drawbacks. But when we recall the muster-roll of Scott's men and women, we still feel some confidence in our opinion that he is great among the greatest. Only the highest genius could live so long and so potently without charm of style; and, outside his Scottish dialect, style is, of course and notoriously, Scott's weak point. On the other hand, no style at all—a mere sportsman's plain tale—is infinitely better than the conceited jargon, the painful mannerisms, the obscure contortions and restless antics of much which now passes for style among persons perhaps unjustifiably proud of their "intellectual equipment."

It does not matter to Professor Boyesen if a critic who has pursued with entertainment the adventures of Mr. Quartermain in Kukuanaland, and who reveres Scott, finds Professor Boyesen "dull and commonplace." If it does not matter to Professor Boyesen it does not matter to anybody. The laurels of Scott, his "rubbish," and the "amazing" person who now addresses you do not disturb the Professor's slumbers. Probably the novels of the Professor would not disturb our slumbers—rather the reverse—but one does not know till he tries. The Professor proudly announces that he has not made men and monkeys fall in love with each other. Who has? Not Scott: his monkey in "Count Robert of Paris" is not in love with his heroine. I rather think baboons, led by a female of the tribe, carry off a woman in a tale of Mr. Haggard's. I do not remember any amorous passages, and Bushman legend is responsible for the incident. No; for such affections Professor Boyesen must consult the romances of men not absolutely destitute of "intellectual equipment." For a bear, see Prosper Mérimée. If the Professor is curious about a tiger, let him try Balzac. Monsieur Honoré de Balzac is, by many, regarded as "the grand master of fiction." I congratulate Professor Boyesen on escaping his deplorable eccentricities. It does not follow that he is a better novelist than Balzac. A man, in fact, is not necessarily a good novelist because he neither invented "She" nor "A Passion in the Desert," nor anything like them. People who are lucky enough to be amused by "She," as well as (in totally different kinds and degrees) by "Tom Jones," by "Amelia," by "Sense and Sensibility," by "Madame Bovary," by "Illusions Perdues," by Cervantes, by Le Sage, by Mark Twain, "only amuse" (and amaze) Professor Boyesen, as, it seems, mosquitoes also amuse him, and as, very likely, his novels would amuse us if we ever met them. Oh, they must have amusing characteristics! But, in sober sooth, it does not follow because a tale of fantastic adventure diverts a man that he must think this the only or the highest type of novel, and despise all novels which are not tales of fantastic adventure. Even if one likes a wild romance now and again, one may infinitely prefer "Pride and Prejudice," and may think Emma Bovary a more considerable creation than Ayesha. One also protests that a man may place Scott next to Shakspere in creation of character, and yet may not be a *crétin*, though he is necessarily, one gathers, a critic who does not set Professor Boyesen on the pinnacle which, perhaps, he deserves. We shall have a poet next who does not care for the opinion of a reviewer devoted to Shakspere.



Photo by Russell and Son, 17, Baker St., W.

THE MAHARAJAH OF BHAVNAGAR.

THE MAHARAJAH OF BHAVNAGAR.

The chief figure among the crowd of distinguished men upon whom the University of Cambridge conferred honorary degrees was that of his Highness the Maharajah of Bhavnagar, who received a very warm welcome as, in picturesque costume, he received the degree of Doctor of Common Law. His Highness well deserved this high compliment, for the educational benefits he has conferred certainly entitled him to the recognition of this ancient seat of learning. Besides establishing elementary and secondary schools, the Maharajah has also founded a High School and an Arts College. The latter is affiliated, with great advantage, to the University of Bombay. His Highness was created in 1886 a Knight Grand Commander of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India. His visit to this country, together with other illustrious Indians, has excited very much popular enthusiasm, which has been reciprocated on the part of the Maharajah by repeated expressions of delight. This was especially the case when he was recently entertained at the Crystal Palace. Another fact relating to his Highness is worth mentioning: he raised a troop of Imperial Hussars for service in the British Army. On every ground a better acquaintance on the part of the British public with those who fulfil such important duties in different portions of the Empire is to be desired, and we trust the visit of the Maharajah and other Indian visitors will do much to strengthen the feeling of sympathy.

ART NOTES.

In the fine hall of the Cutlers' Company, Warwick Lane, E.C., Messrs. Cassell hold their eleventh exhibition of original black and white work which has been done for their books or magazines by talented artists. It may be thought rank heresy to say that some who are now well known in the oil-picture and water-colour world are really of better worth in these monochrome wash or line drawings executed for reproduction among letterpress. Yet so it is. The art of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., is more acceptable in the uncrowded compositions and skilful effects of water surface where sands and shoals abound, as in the vicinage of the Swin, the Swale, and the Swatchway, than in the spotty water colours of coast and sea he often shows at the Institute. The collection is by no means monotonous, although, with the exceptions of a few floral examples by the late Miss Naftel, some river scenes by Mr. W. W. May, and one or two other painters, for colour-printing, the show is of black and white. Not only is subject diversified, but the curious in methods will find plenty to enlighten and interest them, from the antipodes of the microscopic touch of E. Grützner, who creates Shaksperian scenes with much individuality and draws them on grained paper, obtaining his high and half lights by regulated scraping, to the forceful oil paintings by Mr. Arthur Lemon, whose pictures of mythical animals—centaurs—are finely imagined and spiritedly drawn. Between these two extremes are pen-and-ink or tone drawings of various kinds, instancing the exquisite, if mechanical, touch in elaborate architecture of Mr. Holland Tringham, the more varied manner and larger scale of Mr. Railton, the strength and character and skill in disposing figures of Mr. Walter Paget, the classic compositions of Mr. Fulleylove, and the refined originality of Mr. Alfred East. Figure alone or illustrative of story has capable exponents in Miss Dealy, Miss Lawson, and Mrs. Stanley, for child life; Mr. H. J. Johnstone, Mr. Hatherell, Mr. F. Barnard, Mr. Davidson Knowles, Mr. Harold Copping, Miss Dicksee, Mr. Lucien Davis, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, and Mr. H. M. Paget; while strong among the landscapists who understand the requirements of "process," but who are not pictorially fettered thereby, are Mr. C. W. Wyllie, Mr. Ernest Parton, and Mr. McWhirter, R.A.

Drawings by the clever Russian artist Mr. Roussoff, who has so often previously been sufficient unto himself, fill the smaller of the rooms at the Fine Art Society. It cannot be said that his having done so once again is once too often, for he certainly gains strength as time goes on. There are many drawings now on view which speak of having been done primarily for the artistic worth of subtle lights and colouring, not for appeal to the circular tourist, whose senses are awakened only by the very obvious. There are plenty of the latter class too, but the liquid brushing, directness of touch, and purity of medium are just as carefully exercised in these groups of gaily attired Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics in the streets of Constantinople, Cairo, or the byways of Venice, as in pure landscape. It is in landscape that Mr. Roussoff's greatest progress is noted, but there are a few drawings of courtyard and façade in which accessories are not overloaded and tone rather than positive line prevails. One of them—"Oil Merchants, Cairo"—is quite an Ali Baba picture, though, of course, such literary suggestion adds nothing to the value of the work. Mr. Roussoff uses strong shadows with telling effect, and does not forget the strength of sunshine necessary to cause them, but his most complete grasp of illumination is found in Eastern twilight, opalescent afterglow, and a few rare grey days on the lagoons of Venice. The best instances of each kind of drawing hereby referred to are found in "Early Morning on the Lagoons, Venice," "A Grey Day on the Nile," "Solitude," "A Street in Venice," "A Café among the Tombs," "Café House, Fayum," "On the Nile," "After Sunset on the Nile," and "Evening Gossip."

Following Mr. Roussoff's exhibition, and, presumably, wherewith to close the season at the Fine Art Society, there will be a collection of drawings by Mr. Alfred Parsons. His peculiar grace in flower-drawing should find expression in the anticipated works, as he has returned from Japan—the Flowery Land.

That "they do these things better in France" is a truism as regards publication of illustrated *éditions de luxe*, and the house of Goupil (Boussod, Valadon, and Co.) stands in the forefront for such work. They take deliberate care over their task, and never allow zeal for issue to outrun discretion as to excellence. To what perfection, then, must the "Twenty Etchings in London," by Mr. Joseph Pennell, be destined, for the publishers even print on their prospectus that the twelve sets to which the issue is to be restricted are "in leisurely preparation"! The three words hold out much promise, though they do not protest too much; but, in sooth, great inducement is needed for twelve righteous men to come forward with £50 each.

After careful rehearsals, conducted by Mr. August Manns, the immense choir associated with the famous triennial Handel Festivals, with an efficient orchestra, may be expected on Saturday, June 24, to give a very fine rendering of "The Golden Legend" at the Crystal Palace. The soloists are to be Madame Albani, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Henschel, and Mr. Grice. The dramatic composition of Sir Arthur Sullivan's great work ought to lend itself in a peculiarly effective manner to the performance in the Palace.



INTERRUPTED.



"THE LOVE LETTER."—BY B. ZICKENDRAHT.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

—:o:—

"REMORSE."

For one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish.

In October 1810 Coleridge left the North of England. The next three years he passed in London and the neighbourhood, for the most part in company with his friends the Morgans. In November 1813 he left London for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures at Bristol, and it would seem that he remained in the West country until he finally settled at Highgate in April 1816. Throughout this period, which was marked by almost constant ill-health, there are long gaps in the correspondence, and of the letters published and unpublished the greater number betray a melancholy condition of mind and body. There is, however, a momentary gleam of sunshine. In January 1813 the Tragedy of "Remorse," an enlarged and amended version of the "Osorio" of Stowey days, was brought out at Drury Lane, and had a short but successful run. Encouraged by this "blue islet of ether on a whole sky of blackest cloudage," he wrote once more to neglected but not forgotten friends.

LETTER XVIII.

To Robert Southey—

Tuesday, 8 Feb., 1813. 71, Berners Street.

My dear Southey,—It is seldom that a man can with *literal truth* apologise for delay in writing; but for the last three weeks I have had more upon my hands and spirits than my health was equal to.

The first copy I can procure of the second edition (of the Play) I will do my best to get franked to you. You will, I hope, think it much improved as a poem. Dr. Bell, who is all kindness and goodness, came to me in no small bustle this morning in consequence of "a censure passed on the 'Remorse' by a man of great Talents, both in prose and verse, who was impartial, and thought highly of the work on the whole." What was it, think you? There were many unequal Lines in the Play, but which he did not choose to specify. Dr. Bell would not mention the Critic's name, but was very earnest with me to procure some indifferent Person of good sense to read it over, by way of spectacles to an author's own dim judgment. Soon after he left me I discovered that the Critic was Gifford, who had said good-naturedly that I ought to be whipt for leaving so many weak and slovenly lines in so fine a poem. What the lines were *he* would not say and *I* do not care. Inequalities have every poem, even an Epic—much more a Dramatic Poem must have and ought to have. The question is, are they in their own place *Dissonances*? If so I am the last man to stickle for them, who am nicknamed in the Green Room the "anomalous author," from my utter indifference or prompt facility in sanctioning every omission that was suggested. That paragraph in the *Quarterly Review* respecting me, as ridiculed in "Rejected Addresses," was surely unworthy of a man of sense like Gifford. What reason could *he* have to suppose me a man so childishly irritable as to be provoked by a trifle so contemptible? If he had, how could he think it a *Parody* at all? But the noise which the "Rejected Addresses" made, the notice taken of Smith the author by Lord Holland, Byron, etc., give a melancholy confirmation of my assertion in "The Friend" that "we worship the vilest reptile if only the brainless head be expiated by the sting of personal malignity in the tail." I wish I could procure for you the *Examiner* and Drakard's London Paper. They were forced to affect admiration of the Tragedy, but yet abuse me they must, and so comes the old infamous *crambe bis millies cocta* of the "sentimentalities, puerilities, whinings, and meannesses, both of style and thought," in my former writings, but without (which is worth notice both in these gentlemen and in all our firmer Zoili) without one single quotation or reference in proof or exemplification. No wonder! for excepting the "Three Graves," which was announced as not meant for poetry, and the poem on the Tethered Ass, with the motto *Sermoni propriora*, and which, like your "Dancing Bear," might be called a ludicro-splenetic copy of verses, with the diction purposely appropriate, they might (as at the first appearance of my poems they did) find, indeed, all the opposite vices. But if it had not been for the *Preface* to W.'s Lyrical Ballads, they would never themselves have dreamt of affected simplicity and meanness of thought and diction. This slang has gone on for fourteen or fifteen years against us, and really deserves to be exposed. As far as my judgment goes, the two best qualities of the tragedy are, first, the simplicity and unity of the plot, in respect of that which, of all the unities, is the only one founded on good sense—the presence of a one all-pervading, all-combining Principle. By Remorse I mean the anguish and disquietude arising from the self-contradiction introduced into the soul by guilt, a feeling which is good or bad according as the Will makes use of it. This is expressed in the lines chosen as the motto—

> Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
> If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
> Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
> It is a poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
> Weeps only tears of poison!—(Act i., sc. 2.)

And Remorse is everywhere distinguished from virtuous penitence. To excite a sanative remorse Alvar returns, the Passion is put in motion at Ordonio's first entrance by the appearance of Isidore's wife, etc.; it is carried still higher by the narration of Isidore, Act ii. sc. 1; higher still by the interview with the supposed wizard; and to its acme by the Incantation Scene and Picture. Now, then, we are to see its effects, and to exemplify the second part of the motto, "but if proud and gloomy, It is a poison tree," etc. Ordonio, too proud to look steadily into himself, catches a false scent, plans the murder of Isidore and the poisoning of the Sorcerer, perpetrates the one, and, attempting the other, is driven by Remorse and the discovery of Alvar to a temporary distraction; and, finally, falling a victim to the only crime that had been realised, by the hand of Alhadra, breathes his last in a pang of pride: "O couldst thou forget me!" As from a circumference to a centre, every ray in the tragedy converges to Ordonio. Spite of wretched acting, the passage told wonderfully in which, as in a struggle between two unequal Panathlists or wrestlers, the weaker had for a moment got uppermost, and Ordonio, with unfeigned love, and genuine repentance, says, "I will kneel to thee, my Brother! Forgive me, Alvar!" till the Pride, like the bottom-swell on our lake, gusts up again in "*Curse* me with forgiveness!" The second good quality is, I think, the variety of metres according as the speeches are merely transitive, or narrative, or passionate, or (as in the Incantation) deliberate and formal poetry. It is true they are all, or almost all, Iambic blank verse, but under that form there are five or six perfectly distinct metres. As to the outcry that the "Remorse" is not pathetic (meaning such pathos as convulses in "Isabella" or "The Gamester") the answer is easy. True! the poet never meant that it should be. It is as pathetic as the "Hamlet" or the "Julius Cæsar." He woo'd the feelings of the audience, as my wretched epilogue said—

> With no too *real* Woes that make you groan
> (At home-bred, kindred grief, perhaps your own),
> Yet with no image compensate the mind,
> Nor leave one joy for memory behind.

As to my thefts from the "Wallenstein," they came on compulsion from the necessity of haste, and do not lie on my conscience, being partly thefts from myself, and because I gave Schiller twenty for one I have taken; and in the meantime I hope they will lie snug.

> "The obscurest Haunt of all our mountains,"

I did not recognise as Wordsworth till after the play was all printed. I must write again to-morrow on other subjects.

The House was crowded again last night, and the Manager told me that they lost £200 by suspending it on [the] Saturday night that Jack Bannister came out.

(No signature.)

(To be continued.)

The Australian cricketers sustained their fifth defeat on June 16, in the match against the South of England. For the latter, Alec Hearne scored 120 runs, the highest score on the Australian side being 53 runs by Mr. W. Bruce. The victory of Yorkshire over Surrey may affect the position of Surrey in the county championship. Sussex lost their match with Middlesex by ten wickets.

The students of the Royal College of Music gave an orchestral concert in St. James's Hall on June 16, once more proving the great advance which music is making among the great mass of pupils in the metropolis. The "star" of the evening was Miss Clara Butt, who sang "Les Nuits d'Eté" with delightful modulation. She was wise enough to decline an encore, although recalled five times. The orchestra, under Professor Henry Holmes's inspiring conductorship, played admirably Schumann's overture to "Manfred" and Beethoven's symphony in A. Miss Katharine M. Ramsay showed decided talent on the pianoforte in Bach's concerto in E, and Miss Jessie Grimson maintained a fine tone throughout Dr. Max Bruch's mediocre violin concerto in D minor.



A NEW PIANO BY CHAPPELL AND CO.

This instrument, although only 4 ft. 2 in. high, has all the characteristics of a small grand, great delicacy of touch, and abundance of tone-sustaining capacity. Messrs. Chappell and Co., of 50, New Bond Street, have perfected a new system in the construction of the sound-board and iron frame. These are fixed in such a manner that the pressure of the strings can be adjusted and regulated so as to produce the maximum of power possible in so small an instrument. The case is elegant in design and the price moderate; indeed, the instrument is quite equal to the very best Continental pianos at a much higher figure.

"AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE."

It is said that Henrik Ibsen knows nothing of English ideas, and has no special curiosity about the fate of his works in this country. If this be so, an excellent jest is lost to him. He misses the humour of his constant burial and resurgence. How many gravediggers have put him under ground with commination by way of obsequies, and how often has he risen blandly and retaken possession of our stage! He has been "smashed up" nearly as much as the British Constitution. He has been caricatured and parodied to death, voted dull, coarse, and profoundly immoral, dismissed to the eternal "limbo" which is peopled chiefly by the pet aversions of critics. And now! Well, now he is promoted from the boards of the Independent Theatre to the boards of the Haymarket, and instead of being played by greatly daring amateurs, with a sprinkling of budding professionals, and of professionals who no longer bud, but sometimes "rest," he is presented to us by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, an actor-manager, with all the skill and pains of that facile and versatile artist! Truly these are times in which the independence of the Independent Theatre begins to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of commonplace, now that one actor-manager blossoms into Ibsen, and another actually converts Mrs. Grundy to the moral of Mr. Aubrey Tanqueray's second nuptials!

I have seen it imputed to Mr. Tree by some good Ibsenites, still suspicious of actor-managers, that he has treated "An Enemy of the People" in a spirit of unseemly levity, that he has made Dr. Stockmann farcical, that he has left himself an avenue of escape from the social problems of Ibsen to the burlesque of Mr. Anstey, and that he skips from Norway to *Punch* whenever he thinks the play is getting a little tedious. It is quite true that this Dr. Stockmann, who neglects his practice, flatters himself that he earns almost as much as he spends, imagines that municipal institutions can be worked by pure reason and that a scientific discovery which threatens to cost the town a great sum will be hailed with acclamation by the "compact majority," is a somewhat fantastic personage. When Mr. Tree dons the cocked hat of his burgomaster brother and flourishes his staff of office, his extravagance is quite in the spirit of his author. I like this foe of shams and sordid cunning none the less because he has not a tittle of the prosaic tact which would enable him to outwit his adversaries. Mr. Tree has conceived this childlike enthusiast with an appreciation of all the humorous foibles of the character: he intermixes Stockmann's earnestness with a dash of the Shaksperian fool. There is a touch of low comedy in the deliberate contrast between the towering stature of the Doctor and the diminutive printer Aslaksen, who tells him he has the "compact majority" at his back. The good Ibsenite is disposed to resent this as a perversion of the master to the merely comic. But the whole situation is comic. Mr. E. M. Robson's small proportions in the part of Aslaksen give a turn of whimsical mockery to the negotiation between the erratic man of science and this representative of moderation and the middle-class intelligence. The scene of the public meeting in which Dr. Stockmann, prevented by his brother from dilating on his discovery that the public baths are full of poisonous water, launches into a diatribe against the "compact majority," is one of the best pieces of unconventional comedy on the modern stage. A long speech which has nothing whatever to do with the ordinary topics of theatrical interest is made so interesting by its skilful relation to familiar human motives that you feel yourself in the heart of the meeting, and not a spectator at a play. Here at times Mr. Tree is a little too *bizarre*; but if the scene were not played with this mingling of the earnest and the grotesque, if you could not see that there is some plausible justification for the attitude of the crowd towards a man they consider an impracticable, absurd, and rather mischievous visionary, the edge of the satire would be blunted.

The effect of Mr. Tree's experiment is as good a test as any of Ibsen's vitality as a dramatist. Say what you will, these *bourgeois* people in a little Norwegian town have infinitely more reality than most of the types which strut and fret in the glare of the footlights. This is why the actors make so much out of Ibsen. There is not a negligable person in the Haymarket performance. Mr. James Welch's free and independent journalist is lifelike. I know him, with his cant phrases about the power of truth and the democracy, and his eagerness to pull down authority till authority makes it worth his—— but here is ticklish ground. I will only add that Dr. Stockmann's eagerness to see his world-shaking article in the *People's Messenger*, which, by-the-way, is on its last legs, is probably Ibsen's slyest joke at the expense of his enthusiast and of the journalism which it is my duty to uphold, though the exposure of the *People's Messenger* is irresistible. I know that print. It has died more than once—owing me money.

L. F. A.

Just recently members of Parliament have been particularly prominent in the Law Courts, bringing or defending libel actions in connection with election proceedings. In few cases does it appear to be wise to rake up the often thoughtless statements which are circulated amid the fever-heat of a general election. A vast improvement in political manners has been noticeable in newspaper warfare, as the tactics of the *Eatanswill Gazette* are no longer sanctioned by success.

THE BERING SEA ARBITRATION.

SEAL-HUNTING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

The million and a half sterling paid in 1867 by the United States to Russia for the privilege of running up the "Stars and Stripes" on the tumbledown block-house "Castle" in Sitka, Alaska's diminutive capital, was not a large price to pay for a territory nine times the size of England and Wales. A fraction less than a penny per acre allows a good many of these acres to consist of barren rocks and uninhabitable swamps without making a losing transaction. The events of a quarter of a century have shown that astute Brother Jonathan's last "conquest by the Almighty Dollar" has, similarly to all the preceding ones, been an eminently good bargain. Some years ago the money already received from a company of San Francisco merchants for the lease of the two tiny Prybiloff Islands—famous, as one knows, because on them are the only remaining breeding places of the fur seal in North or South American waters—had repaid the Government of the United States, dollar for dollar, the $7,200,000 paid for the whole of Alaska and its vast archipelago, which together boast of a coast-line greater than the circumference of the globe.



A "DRIVE" OF FUR SEALS BEING KILLED CLOSE TO NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL.

In the solution of few diplomatic questions of modern days has natural history been destined to play such an important rôle as it would appear bound to do in the settlement of the Bering Sea question, which is now attracting the attention of the world to the fog-mantled littoral of the extreme north-west corner of North America, as well as to the details of seal life, singularly interesting as the latter have always been to zoologists.

The question, often asked, how long will the seal escape the fate of other fur-bearing animals on which fashion has in past times decreed the death sentence, is one to which those who are acquainted with the story of the beaver in North America, and that of the even more preciously furred sea-otter on the coast of the North Pacific, or who have watched the extreme rapidity with which the almost complete extermination of the American bison was brought about as soon as its skin became a marketable commodity and its chase even, for the sake of its meat, a profitable occupation, will hesitate to reply. It is a question in which the trader and trapper as well as the London and Leipzig auctioneer would be more likely to have the last say than the diplomatist, were it not for the well-known peculiarity of this interesting animal to return, during every recurring breeding season, to the same breeding place—a habit upon which the future preservation of the seal is, of course, primarily dependent. In the case of no other wild animal is the effectual carrying out of protective measures more feasible than with the fur seal.

A rapid glance at the history of fur-hunting in the North Pacific is necessary to understand the present position of this industry. In the forty-five years that intervened between the discovery of the Aleutian Islands and the mainland of North-Western America in 1741 by the Russian navigator Vitus Bering, a Dane by birth (whose name, by-the-way, the best authorities of his time spell without the *h*), and the discovery of the now famous Prybiloff Islands by the Siberian Cossack of that name, long and adventurous search had been instituted by the daring fur-hunters of Siberia for the legendary "Amik," the Eldorado of furs, or, in other words, the breeding grounds of the fur seal, where, they well knew, the peculiar instincts of that animal led it to congregate in untold numbers during the propagating season. A perusal of the annals of these early explorations, to which Peter the Great gave the first impetus,



ILLALOOK HARBOUR, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

THE BERING SEA ARBITRATION.



KILLING A "DRIVE" OF FUR SEALS ON ST. PAUL.

reveals stories of almost incredible daring. It would be difficult to invent more hopelessly insurmountable obstacles, more repelling experiences, more dread-inspiring surroundings than were faced with the stolid recklessness of the race, and to which the well victualled and carefully outfitted Arctic explorations of modern days afford no parallel. Vast wealth, these fur-hunters knew, would reward the lucky discoverer, and the dangers of the then perfectly unknown North Pacific Ocean, abounding with sunken reefs and dangerous currents, and swept, when not enveloped by fogs, by gales of exceptional severity, were braved by the bold "Promyshleniki" in craft of the rudest description. Rich indeed were the spoils of Prybiloff when, while drifting with torn sails in the desolate vastness of Bering Sea, he happened, by a sudden lifting of the fog, upon the four tiny mist-enveloped specks of rockbound land, and discovered upon the two largest of the group, the others being mere outlying reefs, vast herds of fur seals. He named the two islands—one of which is thirteen, the other ten miles long—after his two vessels, St. Paul and St. George, and he filled his craft to the top of the hold, and crowded the decks with bales of peltry, precious water-casks being even thrown overboard (so one historian mentions) to make room for his valuable cargo. Thus freighted, he finally, after an absence of over two years, returned to Siberia's only port, Okhotsk, landing, as one reads, 2720 sea-otter skins—worth, at present prices, between £55 and £60 apiece—8000 silver and blue fox skins, and no fewer than 31,100 fur-seal skins, the present value of which need hardly be told to fair readers, and perhaps even less to those of the other sex who are fathers or husbands, but which may be roughly stated as about £3 or £4 apiece before they are dressed.

From that day the depletion of the breeding-grounds proceeded at a very rapid rate, and the great Russian Fur Company, of which many great nobles and even members of the Czar's family were partners, realised great wealth. At what enormous rate this depletion proceeded is illustrated by the fact that in one of his despatches home Baronoff, who in the first decade of the present century was the head of the company, complains of the lack of means of transportation to Siberia, and mentions that, in consequence of it, 800,000 fur-seal skins, which had been faultily stored, had become spoilt, and had to be cast away.

In those days, it must be remembered, numerous other breeding grounds, situated in the Falkland Islands, Terra del Fuego, New Georgia, South Shetland, and many islands on the coast of Chile, now totally exhausted, were still yielding enormous quantities of this pelt, so that the world had then apparently inexhaustible sources of supply at its command; while the excellent hunting grounds on the numerous islands forming the great Aleutian chain, which connects Asia with America as with a string of different-sized pearls, 1388 miles in length,



FUR SEAL ROOKERY ON ST. PAUL, IN JULY, WHEN FULLY OCCUPIED.



A "DRIVE" OF THREE AND FOUR YEAR-OLD MALE FUR SEALS COOLING OFF BEFORE BEING KILLED.

resting in a graceful curve on the broad bosom of the North Pacific Ocean, furnished to the Russians almost equally vast quantities of sea-otter, blue, black, and silver fox, and other valuable furs from a field which a century's fur-hunting has since almost completely exhausted.

Now that the proceedings before the arbitrators in Paris have made the public well acquainted with the more important features of seal life, it is hardly necessary to point out that this interesting pinniped, while assembling in numbers that have been carefully estimated as being between two and four millions on the Prybiloff rookeries, frequents terra firma only during three or four months, while the rest of the year is spent by it in the Pacific. Leaving the shallow waters of Bering Sea by the numerous gaps separating the Aleutian chain, which consists of forty large and several hundred small islands, in the early autumn, and following up the vast shoals of candlefish and herrings, the seal seeks the warmer waters along the littoral of North America and Asia, as far south as Central California, on the one, and Japan on the other side of the Pacific. In spring the return northwards towards the breeding grounds on the Prybiloff and on the Commander Islands, which latter are close to the shores of Kamchatka, is resumed, not in great herds, but in small bunches. About the middle of May the "travellers"—i.e., the adult males and the cows in

THE BERING SEA ARBITRATION.

young—commence to show distinct signs of being in a hurry. Separating from the rest, they proceed without rest or stopping towards their wonted breeding ground, while the others continue their migration northward in a far more leisurely manner, reaching the rock-strewn beaches of St. Paul and St. George about a month after the breeding ground proper, in distinction to the so-called "bachelor ground," has become occupied by a seething mass of roaring and fighting seals.



LORD HANNEN (England).

Up to 1867, when the United States acquired Alaska, the Prybiloff breeding grounds were exclusively exploited by the Russian Fur Company, who practically held the whole of vast Alaska in leasehold. Outside of this Russian fur monopoly the fur seal was not molested by white men, the only non-Russian fur-hunters in those days being the Indians dwelling on the western coast of Vancouver Island and Queen Charlotte Islands, whose territory had but recently been made part of the British Empire. These Indians are exceedingly expert boatmen, or, rather, canoe-men; their craft, entirely different from the Alaska "bidarka," which is made of the skin of the sea-lion, is hollowed from one tree, and it is truly marvellous what tempestuous seas such a canoe will ride. Equally wonderful is the unerring seamanship of these breechclout-clad dusky mariners, who, in spite of the heavy fogs and perilous tide-rips and undercurrents, which are such a dangerous feature of navigation even for large vessels along the north-west coast from Oregon to Bering Sea, will, unassisted by compass, sextant, or chronometer, go out to sea for considerable distances in quest of the young seals which chiefly frequent the coast region while they are on their spring or autumn migration.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL (England).

In 1866 the first white men engaged in the business of pelagic, or open-sea sealing, employing Indians to kill the sleeping seals from canoes, which, when game is sighted, are launched from the schooners.

This industry, though prices were then still very low in comparison to those ruling of late years, soon assumed larger dimensions, and in 1892 sixty-five sealing vessels cleared from British Columbian ports, many of which exceeded 100 tons, and manned by more than 1000 white men and 600 Indians. Their catch, so far as reported to the port authorities, amounted in 1892 to 53,912 fur-seal skins.* The thirty odd American sealing schooners following the same business bring the total of the so-called fleet of "poachers" to a round hundred. As a rule, the Yankee boats are less successful than the British



BARON DE COURCEL (President).

Columbian, for they find it difficult to obtain Indian hunters, being unacquainted with the scattered Indian settlements on the ironbound and tempest-swept west coast of Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands. Since the termination of the first American lease of the Prybiloffs in 1890, the profits of seal "poaching" have been considerably



M. VISCONTI-VENOSTA (Italy).

augmented, for previous to 1890 the fur company paid only an annual rent of £11,000, and a tax of $2.62½ per skin for the 100,000 they had the right to gather each year, while the new lease, now temporarily upset by the *modus vivendi*, reduced the quantity to 60,000 skins per annum, and raised the tax to $9.62½ per skin and the annual rent to £12,000; so that, practically, each skin, not counting the cost of procuring it, is taxed £2 2s. 6d., while the "poachers" who roam the North Pacific in quest of their prey are not handicapped by any tax, and in the competition of trade in the great fur markets of London and Leipsic they naturally benefit by this considerable surcharge on the staple produce of the Prybiloff rookeries. The latter skins, being those of animals carefully selected and obtained when the fur is at its primest condition, on the other hand, fetch invariably much more than the skins obtained by pelagic sealing, where more indiscriminate killing is unavoidable. One of the points in the American case, appealing to common-sense and one's humane instincts, is the proposed limitation to pelagic sealing, which, so far as the shooting of seals is concerned, is decidedly more wasteful of life and cruel than the killing of selected animals on the rookeries, where they are knocked on the head and no suffering or waste is entailed. White hunters hunting seals in the open sea exclusively shoot the seals, by which numbers are lost, for the aim from a boat or canoe is never very sure, and shot seals, when mortally wounded or killed right out, sink so quickly out of sight that it is not always easy to secure the body. Far preferable is the Indian method—i.e., harpooning them. This, however, requires more skill, for it is no easy thing to get close enough to the sleeping or resting victim, and the throwing of the spear, attached to which is a line, from a crank canoe requires long practice. As a rule, too, the Indians use more discrimination in the selection of their quarry, and it is not too much to say that were the exploitation of seal life in the North Pacific left to them alone, the provisions now becoming urgently necessary to prevent the extinction of this animal would be as superfluous as similar regulations were unnecessary in order to preserve the once equally numerous herds of bison so long as the white man was not dominant on the plains of the West.



MR. JAMES CARTER (United States).



MR. GREGERS GRAM (Sweden).

Want of space prohibits one's entering into the many interesting features of seal life and seal-hunting with the details of which a long residence on the Pacific coast has made one acquainted, and equally impossible is it, from the same cause, to give a disinterested outsider's view of the merits of the respective cases advanced by the two countries.

The photographic views which accompany this brief paper are of interest because they form part of the British evidence now before the tribunal at Paris, and as such have never before been published.



A FAMILY GROUP OF SEALS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BREEDING GROUND.

* The Bluebooks recently published do not give later data than those of 1891; these figures, therefore, are the latest.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A medical contemporary, the *Lancet*, lately discussed in its columns that interesting question, "The Pathology of the Prodigy"—in plain English, the relations of the forced development of the young human brain to questions of disease. The appearance in the musical firmament of Raoul Koczalski and of other prodigies of allied nature affords the text for my contemporary's timeous remarks. Not only does the musical prodigy of eight years of age play difficult pieces with the ease and air of an expert; he also composes, and figures as an originator. The piano, if I mistake not, is not the only instrument which the musical prodigy affects. The violin has long since been tackled by the infant, and one child was said to be a gifted performer on the 'cello. The physiological teaching about prodigies of this kind is clear enough. They are largely overdrawing their account at the bank of nutrition and nervous energy; and when the time comes for the overdraft to be paid off, there is the obvious danger of physiological bankruptcy looming in the distance, with the expression "No funds," and collapse, as its inevitable end.

Of all organs of our frame, the brain and nervous system at large are those which require most careful developing and nursing from a physiological standpoint. I find it stated that at seven years of age the brain already weighs, on an average, 40 ounces, the mean weight of the adult brain being 48 ounces, a weight reached sometimes at fourteen years. Now, presuming these data to be correct, it is clear the careful nutrition of the brain is a matter of the highest importance, seeing that, with a very rapid growth, relatively to the age, any interference with its nourishment must result in damage and injury to its constitution. Quick to attain its maximum size, the brain must necessarily undergo a large amount of internal development and elaboration long after the age of fourteen. It is this consideration which has made every physician argue against and condemn cramming and forcing in educational matters; and what applies to ordinary education must surely apply with redoubled force to the strain under which the musical prodigy lives and works. The future of the prodigy is not pleasing to contemplate from the physiologist's outlook. Do we ever hear of them becoming famous in after life? Perhaps Mozart will be cited as an example proving how early genius may continue on its way rejoicing and bringing in its sheaves in the harvest of the future. But one swallow does not make a summer, and for one precocious child who develops into a genius, there must be hundreds who fall by the wayside, prematurely exhausted. "It is better far to be healthy than learned," said a physician once upon a time; and if "health is the first wealth," I should not give much for the chances of prodigies, musical or otherwise, becoming rich in the sense of the aphorism.

It was M. Adrien Baillet who made a very interesting collection of stories of wonderful infants, entitled "Des Enfans devenus Célèbres par leurs Etudes ou par leurs Ecrits." There is in existence also the account of the "Life, Deeds, Travels, and Death of a very wise and very nicely-behaved four-year-old Child, Christian Heinrich Heineken, of Lübeck." This work was written by the child's tutor, one Christian von Schöneich, and was published at Göttingen in 1779. The writer who gives an account of this wonderful infant also mentions another treatise, entitled "A Father's Memoirs of his Child," by Benjamin Heath Malkin, Esquire. Of this latter prodigy it is said he could read any English book at three years and a half, and knew the Greek letters. This is perfectly feasible, no doubt, as also is the feat of a psalm versified at the age of seven. The Lübeck prodigy was a far more extraordinary being. At his fourth year this child seemed to represent the culture of the ordinary adult. Born in Lübeck in 1721, the child in his eighteenth month was familiar with the principal Old Testament stories—no doubt a most edifying study; while he mastered the New Testament narratives a month later. At two and a half years Christian was a master of ancient history and universal geography, and also of a Latin vocabulary of 8000 words! Passing over other triumphs, in the fourth year the indefatigable tutor gave the child a course of dogmatic theology and ecclesiastical history. Two attacks of illness interfered with his studies; but the learned child is said often to have breathed the wish (in Latin), "Oh! that I possessed the healthy mind in the healthy body." I need not pursue further the history of this child. He died on June 27, 1725, his last intellectual feat being a learned commentary on a map of Palestine; while on his deathbed he asked for a skeleton to refresh his memory concerning the bones of the frame. If this story be quite true throughout—my readers will find it admirably told in the *Cornhill Magazine* for January 1887—all one may say is that it is an extraordinary and melancholy example of brain-power early run to seed. And if there be any other reflection which a sensible mother is likely to indulge in over this case, it will be that the tutor and all concerned in the child's forcing should have been sentenced to a term of penal servitude in recognition of their successful efforts to kill the infant by a method of slow manslaughter.

I hope my readers will peruse Mr. Ernest Hart's work just published, entitled "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft." (Smith, Elder and Co.) Anything more complete or satisfactory in the way of exposure (from the scientific point of view) of the humbug and charlatanism with which the mesmeric *séances* of the day (and especially those of Paris) are invested, cannot be imagined. Mr. Hart personally investigated the recent "marvels" which have been exploited in Paris and described in English newspapers. He found them to be what most of us expected, gross impostures. It is with great satisfaction that I read his book, because it so happens that some months ago in this very page I discussed the phenomena of the transference of sensibility, or "exteriorisation" so called, and gave my reasons for regarding it as a species of hoax. How far my expectations were justified, let Mr. Hart's book attest. His introductory chapter on "Hypnotism and Humbug" is a plain exposé of the pretensions of the new mesmerism, which, after all, is only a very old piece of folly (with a physiological basis, no doubt) revived and freshened up as a modern miracle.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—We are very pleased to hear from you again.

D E NOYES.—Problem to hand, with thanks.

N MCCABE (Glasgow).—The mate must not be prolonged over three moves, but if Black chooses to rush into a shorter mate that is no flaw in the problem. In theory Black is supposed to play the best possible defence. In No. 2563 the proper defence for Black to play is 1. Q to Kt 8th.

CARSLAKE W. WOOD.—Your problem should appear in our next number.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2561 and 2562 received from Jno M Nelson (Tuka, Mississippi); of No. 2563 from John G Grant; of No. 2565 from Sorrento (Dawlish), H B Hurford, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), A H B, and Edwin Barnish (Rochdale).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2566 received from J F Moon, A Newman, A J Habgood (Haslar), Alpha, J D Tucker (Leeds), W R Raillem, W Wright, R Worters (Canterbury), Martin F, H S Brandreth, R H Brooks, T G (Ware), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Dixon (Colchester), E E H, E Louden, T Roberts, G Joicey, Joseph Willcock (Chester), C E Perugini, M A Eyre (Folkestone), H B Hurford, Dawn, W P Hind, Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), M Burke, L Desanges, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2565.—BY W. PERCY HIND.

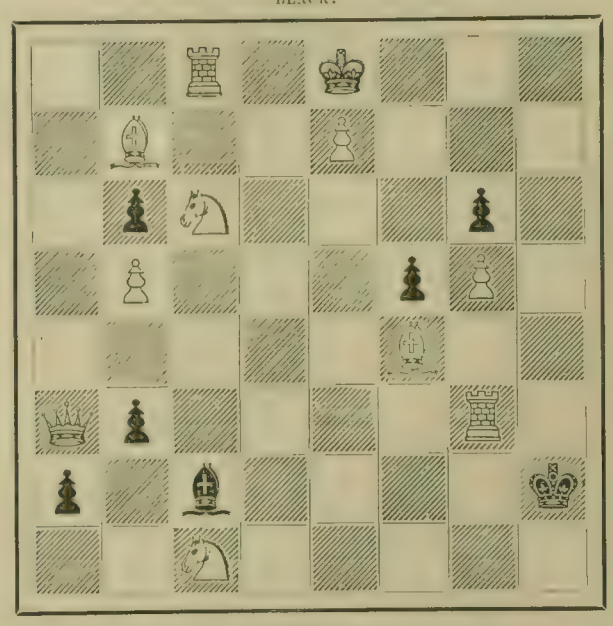
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to R 4th	B to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th (ch)	K moves, or Kt takes P
3. Kt or P mates.	

If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, 2. Kt to Q B 6th (dis ch), K to B 2nd; 3. Kt to Q 6th. Mate. If 1. B takes P, then 2. Kt to B 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2568.

By B. W. LA MOTHE (New York).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. DELMAR and HODGES.

(*Irregular Opening.*)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd
4. B to K 2nd	P to K B 4th
5. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
6. B to Kt 2nd	B to K 2nd
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles
8. Castles	Kt to K 5th
9. P to Q B 4th	B to K B 3rd

The play so far has been entirely for the purposes of development on both sides. Black, however, seems now to have a somewhat better position, and with strikingly accurate play turns this advantage to account.

10. R to Q B sq	P to Q B 4th
11. B to R 3rd	P to Q 3rd
12. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
13. Kt to K sq	Q to K 2nd
14. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 4th
15. R to B 3rd	

Although the defence of his K P is compulsory, White finds ultimate trouble in this move.

15.	Kt to Q 2nd
16. B to Kt 2nd	R to B 2nd
17. Kt to B 2nd	Q R to K B sq
18. P to K B 4th	B to B 3rd

It is interesting to note how telling Black's strategy appears even when, as in this case, there is little choice of play.

19. B to Kt 4th	P to K Kt 3rd
20. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd
21. R to Q B 2nd	B to Kt 2nd

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
22. Q R to B 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
23. B to K 2nd	Kt to K sq
24. Kt to Kt sq	P to Q 4th
25. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
26. P takes B P	Kt P takes P
27. B takes B	R takes B
28. P takes P	P takes P
29. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
30. P to K Kt 4th	Kt takes P

A splendidly devised sacrifice, the more noteworthy that the compensation is purely one of position, and not immediately secured.

31. Q takes Kt	P to Q 5th
32. B to B 4th (ch)	

This is but lost time, the Bishop being required nearer home immediately.

32.	K to R sq
33. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K 6th
34. R to K Kt 2nd	Q to K 5th
35. B to K 2nd	P to Q 6th
36. B to B 3rd	Q to Q 5th
37. B takes B	P to K 7th (ch)
38. R (Kt 2nd) to B 2nd	P takes R (a Q) (ch)
39. K takes Q	R takes B
40. Kt to Q 2nd	R to K 2nd
41. Kt to B 4th	R to K 5th
42. P to B 5th	R takes Kt P
43. Q to K 5th (ch)	Q takes Q
44. Kt takes Q	P to Q 7th

Black's skilfulness is irresistible, and from the thirtieth move this game is of the highest possible order.

Chess History and Reminiscences. By H. E. Bird. (London: Dean and Son.)—No work written by Mr. Bird can fail to be interesting, if only for his memory of persons and places. He is the la t link that connects the days of Staunton, Buckle, and Morphy with those of Steinitz, Blackburne, and other modern masters, and it speaks much for his skill and undoubted pluck that he has moved among them all, a worthy rival of the foremost. He here gives the fruit of this unique experience both as a gossip and an historian. Perhaps the two offices are somewhat mixed, but that is a detail which everybody may not regard as a defect. We can commend the volume to all chessplayers, who will find in its pages something to instruct as well as amuse.

A match between the City of London Chess Club and the Sussex Chess Association was played at Brighton on June 10. The teams counted twenty aside, and were so well matched that the final result ought to have been a draw. With an absolute win in his hands Mr. Wilson, for the county, missed his chance, and in the end the Londoners found themselves lucky victors with a score of eleven against nine.

The Vaughan Championship medal of the Newcastle Chess Club, which is played for annually, has again been secured by Mr. F. Downey. Eighteen players took part in the competition for the right of challenging, Mr. F. E. Hamond, late of the City Chess Club, being the winner. The deciding match finished with the score of Downey, 3; Hamond, 0; drawn 2.

Commissionaires have become very familiar figures in London, and the annual inspection is an exceedingly popular and picturesque spectacle. It took place on Sunday morning, June 18, in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and was honoured by the attendance of Lord and Lady Roberts and very many distinguished people. There are now nearly two thousand members of the corps, and the founder and commanding officer, Sir Edward Walter, may be heartily congratulated on the success of what is now recognised as a national institution. All interested in the great question of thrift will be glad to hear that the Commissionaires have £60,000 in the savings bank.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Mrs. H. M. Earnshaw, the fashionable portrait-painter, has been writing on the subject on which her peculiar capacity for drawing female charms makes her an authority—"Beauty." After the eye, she remarks, there is no part of the face that adds or withholds beauty like the cheek. "With a pair of beautiful cheeks nobody can be plain. With good eyes and good cheeks they are at least well-looking, let the other features be what they may; but if the cheeks are hollow, or too big, or droop at the jaw, then other good features are of no avail." She enforces this artistic judgment by a reference to the general prettiness of childhood, dependent on the firmness and yet softness that the little cheeks usually possess, and that make the face charming, even though the nose be a snub and the eyes small. Mrs. Earnshaw thinks that the shapely cheek can be retained to quite old age, provided that the teeth are regularly seen to, and no gaps in them allowed, even for a time, to exist. No doubt this point is very important. But alas! drooping of the cheeks over the lower jaw cannot be thus prevented. I have long perceived that this is the great mark of advancing years—the change which more than any other puts the stamp of age on the countenance. So long as the outline of the cheeks is fairly preserved, there is a look of youth; but when they drop, especially at the corners of the mouth, order your lace cap and your ample mantle, for you are no longer young. Wrinkles, whether on the brow or near the angle of the eye, are often becoming, in moderate quantity. They give a certain charm of expression. Laughing brings wrinkles at the eye, but their character is not unpleasing. Thought writes its mark on the brow, and the token of intelligence is not ugly, especially the deep cut down the centre, horizontally between the eye-brows, the sign-manual of earnest effort of the mind: it is frequently seen on the forehead of the aristocracy of intellectual workers of every kind, and it is not unbecoming. But the dreadful line from the nose to the corners of the lips, that is "Time, his mark," indeed, for it means loss of the outline and shape of the face.

What brings it, and what can avert it? Well, we must grow old one day, and when our time has come we must accept it with philosophy. But something may be done to prevent premature loss of such share of beauty as may be possessed. The teeth are, of course, one point. Another is, if one is disposed to feeling acutely, to cultivate a habit of *looking* calm. To *be* so is preferable, of course, but that is a matter of a disposition, and perhaps does not belong to nobility of character. By care in early life, however, we may establish a habit of not wearing our hearts on the lines of our countenances, whatever we may feel. Peevish railing against unavoidable circumstances, and melancholy reflections (while avoided altogether as far as possible) should never, at any rate, be permitted to pull down the lips or knit the brows. Then, to apply massage to the cheeks at night, stroking the fatal line gently, very gently, in an upward direction, with a little cold cream on the tips of the fingers, is of some advantage. It is undesirable to use hard water for the face, as it chokes up the pores and toughens the skin, and thus spoils the complexion and deepens the lines at one and the same time. If rain-water is procurable, it is the best. Ninon de l'Enclos, who won love when she was a grandmother, and Diana of Poitiers, who was still young at sixty, are both recorded to have used rain-water. The household apothecary of the latter declared, after her death, that "the only application used by the late Madame de Valentinois was, to my certain knowledge, nothing more than the pure water as it fell from heaven."

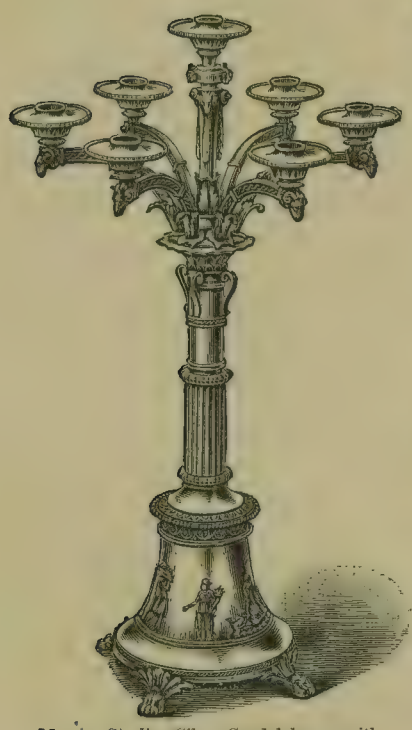
A charming catalogue, in delicate white satin covers, and printed in blue, demands, as it is sure to receive, the attention of all who may wish to purchase presents suitable for the royal wedding. Diamond tiaras, ranging in price from £5000 to £100; brooches and gems, both rich and rare, of much more moderate value, are displayed to the best advantage at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, by the Association of Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, and Silversmiths. No more effective presentation of the beauty of their stock could be found than in the dainty list just published by the Association.

Every new manufacture just now is borrowing the name of the future bride of the Duke of York. A delightful perfume entitled "White Rose" is appropriately so called, for its scent recalls the delicate odour of that flower with which the fortunes of the House of York were so long associated. No wonder that Messrs. Atkinson, 6, Old Bond Street, are having a great demand for what may be termed the "Scent of the Season."

One of the most coveted of invitations this season has been to the Terrace of the House of Commons, where on one afternoon lately there were to be seen no less than two hundred ladies, in company with wearied legislators refreshing themselves with tea and talk. As to the tea, I had the curiosity to enquire the favoured "brand," and was informed that for many years it has been supplied by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited. This Mincing Lane firm can thus lay the flattering unction to its soul—if firms have souls!—of furnishing an excellent attraction to one of the prettiest promenades in London. The debates in the House are of secondary importance to the "debates" on the Terrace, pleasantly assisted by the fragrant tea, concerning which there is a unanimity of opinion which the Government must surely envy.

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Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Dessert Dish, interior and exterior richly gilt. Length, 13½ inches, **£26.**
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1877), with a codicil (dated April 16, 1880), of Mr. Frederick Clarke, late of 24, Austin Friars, and 14, Sussex Square, Hyde Park, who died on April 22, was proved on June 3 by Henry Alexander Clarke, William Walter Clarke, and Richard Henry Clarke, the sons, three of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £84,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each, free of duty, to King's College Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington); £5000 to his daughter Mary Anne Clarke; £500 each to the children of his deceased son Arthur; and 100 guineas each to his sisters Louisa, Caroline, and Eliza. He gives all his share and interest in several houses in Austin Friars, and in a house in Old Gravel Lane, St. George-in-the-East, to his son Henry Alexander; and his share and interest in some farms, lands, and hereditaments in the counties of Suffolk and Essex to his sons Robert Edward, William Walter, and Richard Henry. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to all his children living at his death.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1889), with a codicil (dated Aug. 13, 1891), of Mr. Unwin Heathcote, J.P., late of Shephalbury, Herts, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on May 10 by Major Alfred Heathcote and Arthur Samuel Heathcote, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator bequeaths such of his furniture, plate, and effects (except oil-paintings), wines, stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, as she may select, £1000, and an annuity of £1500, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Maria Heathcote; the remainder of his said furniture and effects and all his oil-paintings to his son Alfred; £10,000 to his son Arthur Samuel; £5000 to his daughter Evelyn Alice; and £100 per annum to his daughter Blanche Eleanor during the joint lives of herself and his wife. He charges his real estate at Tansley and Sutton-in-Ashfield, in the counties of Derby and Nottingham, and his real estate in the counties of Middlesex and London with the payment of the said annuities. Subject thereto, he leaves the same, all his real estate in Hertfordshire, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his son Alfred. The provision made for his wife and children is in addition to that made for them by his marriage settlement.

The will (dated April 25, 1892) of Mr. Joseph Wilcox, late of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, who died on May 17, was proved on June 3 by John Wilcox, the son, and Peter Hammond Gutheridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator bequeaths £2000, upon trust, for Mrs. Caroline Wilcox, the wife of his son Emery, for life, and then for his said son's children; and £1200, upon trust, for his son William for life. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided into eight parts, and one of such parts he leaves, upon trust, for his son Thomas, his wife and children; and the other seven parts to his children George, Joseph, John, Susannah, Fanny, Ernest, and Henry, but Ernest's share is to be £500 and Henry's share £1000 less than the shares of each of his other children.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1892) of Colonel Thomas William Fletcher, F.R.S., J.P., D.L., late of Lawneswood House, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on June 3, by Mrs. Eliza Jane Moore, the daughter, Walter John Fletcher, the nephew, and Gainsborough Harward, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £400 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Jane Maria Fletcher, for life; £1000 to his daughter Mrs. Moore in addition to the amount secured to her by her marriage settlement; and legacies to brothers, sister, widow of late son, and executors. The Lawneswood estate and all his real estate in the parish of Kingswinford he leaves to his wife for life, then to his said daughter for life, and then to his grandson Thomas Russell Fletcher. All his farms, lands, and hereditaments, except mines and minerals, at Great Wyrley and Cannock, Staffordshire, he he leaves, upon trust, for his said grandson; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his grandchildren Thomas Russell Fletcher, Eleanore de Blois Fletcher, Agnes Muriel Fletcher, and William Gifford Fletcher, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 2, 1893) of Captain Henry Smith Adlington, formerly 4th Light Dragoons, late of Holm Hale Hall, Norfolk, who died on April 15, was proved on June 10 by Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart., and Henry Offley Wakeman, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator gives all his horses, carriages, plate, books, furniture, pictures, jewellery, articles of household or personal use or ornament, wines, consumable stores, and live and dead stock to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as to one moiety for his daughter, Mary Campbell Adlington, for life, and then for her children or issue as she shall appoint; and as to the other moiety, upon similar trusts, for his daughter, Evelyn Campbell Adlington.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1892) of Mr. Henry Sydenham Singleton, late of Hazely, in the county of Southampton, and 8, Prince's Gate, who died on March 16, was proved on June 1 by Mrs. Mary Montgomerie Singleton, the widow, and Sir Archibald Lamb, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths his plate to his wife, for life, and then to his son, John Rolland; the contents of both his residences (except plate and money and securities for money), all his live and dead stock, his residence, Prince's Gate, and £5000 to his wife; £1920, Great Western Stock, upon trust, for his said son; £1000 to his nephew, the Rev. Sydenham Henry Augustus Harvey; and £100 each to his executors. He appoints out of the trust funds of his marriage settlement £15,000 to his daughters Clara Patience Sara and Mary Sophia Theresa, in equal shares. His house and land at Hazely he leaves to his wife, for life, and subject thereto, and to the payment of £1000 per annum to his wife, in satisfaction of the annuity of the like amount secured to her by their marriage settlement, he settles all his real and leasehold estates upon his said son; to each of his said two daughters he gives a further sum of £12,500; and appoints the remainder of £46,700, the trust funds of his marriage settlement, and he bequeaths the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for his said son.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1892) of Mr. John Parton, late of Woodslee, Kingston Hill, who died on April 26, was proved on June 3 by William Alfred Parton and George Adolphus Parton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator bequeaths £3500 to his daughter Mary Ann Elizabeth Parton; £3000 to his son Frederick John Parton; £3000 upon trust for his daughter Mrs. Annie Edith Evans; £2500 upon trust for the children of his late daughter Hannah; and there are one or two other bequests. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children, and the children of any deceased child.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Sept. 29, 1891), of Mr. Joseph Shannon, late of 5, Sydenham Villas, Bray, county Wicklow, who died on March 21, granted to Robert John Shannon, the son, and Robert James Drake, the executors, was resealed in London on June 2, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £16,000. With the exception of a complimentary legacy to his executor Mr. Drake, the trusts of the will are wholly in favour of testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1884) with a codicil (dated Aug, 27 following), of the Rev. Josiah Bateman, Rector of Southchurch, Essex, who died on May 8, was proved on May 31 by Miss Marian Amy Bateman, the daughter, and the Rev. William Francis Shaw, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeaths £20 to the poor and old Church people of the parish of Southchurch, none of the newcomers to have any claim; his manuscript sermons to his son-in-law, the Rev. Frank Shaw and the Rev. William Martin; and there are bequests to children, sisters, grandchildren, and others. He appoints out of the trust funds of his marriage settlement £2000 to his daughter Marian Amy, and the remainder of the said trust funds to all his three daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his three daughters, Alice Wilson Morley, Gertrude Ann Shaw, and Marian Amy Bateman.

It is a curious coincidence—if nothing more—that in the same week which has witnessed the unveiling of the Shelley statue at Oxford the announcement should be made that a commemorative slab is to be affixed to the house in which Shelley lived at Rome. The atonement of reparation has come at last to the memory of a brilliant though erratic genius.

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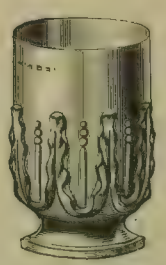
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Solid Silver Queen Anne Fluted Bowl, on Ebonised Plinth, **£12 10s.**



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"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. Peter Geo. Wright, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes— "Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

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From L. Fabrellas, St. Sebastian, Spain.

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"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



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MUSIC.

Pietro Mascagni made his first public appearance in this country at Covent Garden on Monday, June 19, in the capacity of conductor of his charming opera "L'Amico Fritz." That he met with a cordial reception may go without saying. The "Royalties" present were so unusually numerous that there was not room for them all in the Queen's box. The Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters found refuge in the Duchess of Fife's box, while the Duke of York occupied his father's favourite corner in the omnibus box below. Signor Mascagni surprised people as much by his literally boyish appearance as by his exceedingly business-like manner in the orchestra. Everybody knew him to be a very young man, and that he had served his apprenticeship as a conductor; but still it was difficult to realise that this "beardless youth," as our fathers would have called him, was the magician whose spell had wrought the enchantment of the "Cavalleria," and roused therewith the enthusiasm of the opera-lovers of two Continents. As a matter of course, his reading of his own work was closely scanned, and it was noted that in several instances his *tempi* differed from those adopted by Signor Bevignani. They were generally slower, and, we are bound to add, not less effective for being so. Take only one instance the Intermezzo founded upon Beppe's violin improvisation in the first act. The long, broad *allargando* towards the end made a wonderful improvement; the melody for the strings came out with twice the effect, and the piece narrowly escaped an encore. Madame Calvé (Suzel), Signor De Lucia (Fritz), and M. Dufriche (Rabbi David) again afforded the utmost satisfaction, the two first named earning a rapturous encore for the popular "Cherry Duet." The only newcomer, Miss Pauline Joran, played the violin music as well as singing the part of Beppe, and acquitted herself creditably in both capacities. On the following evening M. Jean de Reszke made his welcome *rentrée* for the season as Romeo.

The Philharmonic Society is prospering well; instead of the habitual deficit, the season just ended has resulted in a substantial surplus. The final programme, on June 15, included a couple of works by Max Bruch, which the newly made Mus. Doc. conducted in person, and Paderewski's concerto in A minor, with the composer himself as soloist. He was recalled six times, and only that unusual amount of persuasion induced him to concede an encore. M. Gorski shone to advantage in the Max Bruch concerto in G minor, and Miss Palliser sang with success in the place of Madame Melba. Among the distinguished visitors present was Dr. Boïto, who expressed warm admiration for the splendid quality of tone and executive proficiency exhibited by our Philharmonic band. He was then, by-the-way, anticipating being present at a performance of his "Mefistofele" at Covent Garden next night, but, unfortunately, this interesting event was not to come off. To the astonishment of everyone who had heard her at rehearsal, Madame Calvé excused herself from singing in Boïto's opera on June 16 on the ground of "indisposition."

M. Paderewski's "only" pianoforte recital on June 20, was, of course, *the* recital of the season. He was in fine form. Exquisite delicacy of phrasing and touch marked his rendering both of the Bach prelude and fugue in A minor, and the Beethoven sonata in E flat, Op. 31. In the first section of the programme, however, M. Paderewski did nothing to beat his performance of Schumann's "Papillons." Wonderful poetry and grace again distinguished his Chopin playing, and the favourite valse in A flat had to be repeated. After a pretty but not very remarkable "Scherzino" of his own, M. Paderewski wound up with a Liszt selection, to which he added another Rhapsody from the same source.

The attendance—doubtless owing to the tropical heat—was rather smaller at the third Richter Concert. Two additions were made to the repertory. The first—Cherubini's overture to his opera "Les Abencérages"—has been strangely neglected for the last twenty years, for it is a bright and richly coloured example of the Florentine master's skill. The second novelty was Goldmark's overture to the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, a work of considerable length, which was received with signal favour. The themes are handled with strength, and developed with great elaboration of detail and plenty of animation. Both overtures were admirably played. Dr. Richter secured a superb performance of the Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan," in wondrous contrast to which came the delightful G minor symphony of Mozart. Madame Nordica made her first appearance since her return from America, and sang the trying music of Brünnhilde in the closing scene from "Götterdämmerung" with splendid fire.

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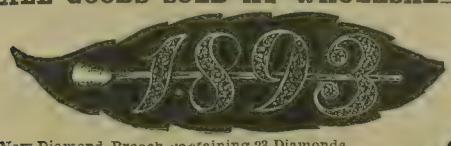
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AND BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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SPECIAL.—Old Gold and Silver and Precious Stones taken in Exchange or Bought for Cash. Valuations made for Probate at a Specially Low Rate. Old Jewellery Remodelled.



New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s.
Brooch and Bangle for 1892 can still be had.

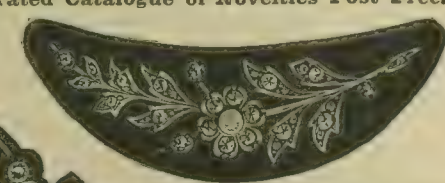


The MAY Brooch, Best Gold, £1 10s.; Solid Gold, £1 1s.; Sterling Silver, 10s. 6d.

Rd. 85,990.



New Scarf Pin, Stones set transparent. Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.



New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.

ROYAL WEDDING.—We have just completed a few very superb Diamond Ornaments suitable for Presentation, and shall have pleasure in sending intending purchasers our beautifully Illustrated Pamphlet of them, post free.

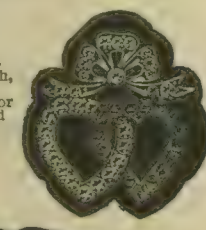


New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s., or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s. £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.

Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.

Best Gold Pendant, set with Pearl or Ruby, 21s.; or Brilliant, 32s. 6d. Bracelet to match, with Ruby, £3 15s., or Brilliant, £4 4s.

Our Special Pattern Diamond Tiara, forming Necklace, set with the choicest white Brilliants, £125.
A fine choice of Diamond Tiaras always in stock from this price to 2000 Guineas.



New Double-Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.



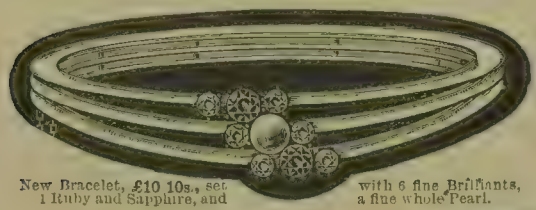
New Double-Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.



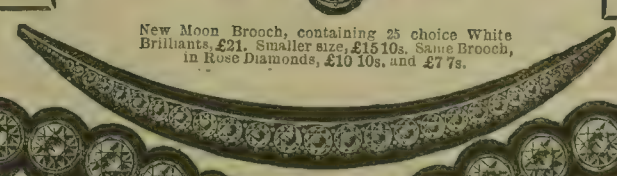
New Ribbon and Heart Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 2 Pearls, £5 15s.

"All prices below Army and Navy Stores." *Court Circular.*

An experienced Assistant sent with a Selection of Goods if desired.



New Bracelet, £10 10s., set with 6 fine Brilliants, 1 Ruby and Sapphire, and a fine whole Pearl.



New Moon Brooch, containing 25 choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch, in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.



New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.



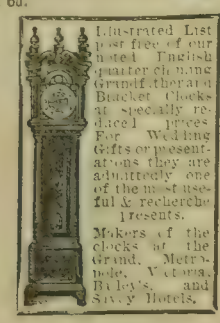
Handsome Diamond Pendant, containing 50 Brilliants, no Roses, forms also Brooch or Hairpin. Stones set transparent, £17 15s.

5 Rubies and 5 Brilliants, or 5 Sapphires and 5 Brilliants, set chessboard style, mounted in 18 carat Gold. Stones set transparent, £10 10s.

Fine Diamond Collet Necklace, size of Illustration, Diamonds of the best quality, centre Stone weighs about 5 carats, the smallest 3 grains. Price, complete, £1350.

Necklace with centre Stone. Size 21, properly graduated. £1000.
Size 19, £900. Size 18, £850. Size 17, £800.
Size 16, £750. Size 15, £700. Size 14, £650.
Size 13, £600. Size 12, £550. Size 11, £500.
Size 10, £450. Size 9, £400. Size 8, £350.
Size 7, £300. Size 6, £250. Size 5, £200.
Size 4, £150. Size 3, £125. Size 2, £100.

New Cluster Ring, containing 8 Brilliants and 1 Ruby or Sapphire, £8 15s.



Illustrated List post free of our noted English quarter chiming Grandfather and Bracket Clocks at specially reduced prices. For Wedding Gifts or presentations they are admittedly one of the most useful & recherche Presents.

Makers of the clocks at the Grand, Metropole, Victoria, Bristol's, and Savoy Hotels.

NOTICE.—We have had so many letters asking whether our Diamonds are real, we hereby beg to state that all our precious stones are real; also all Metals we use. We do not sell or keep Imitation Goods of any sort.

CAUTION.

The Association of Diamond Merchants regret to have to Caution Purchasers against Interior Imitations of their goods, and beg to notify that their only address is as under—

Before buying a Present in Silver Plate please write for our SPECIAL LIST of SILVER GOODS, post free, from 10s. 6d. to 100 Guineas, admitted by the Press to be the most unique and extensive stock in London.

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6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Diamond Cutting Factory, AMSTERDAM. Telegraphic Address: Ruspoli, London.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Denison retains his old vigour, and is not a man to be trifled with. Presiding at a meeting at Taunton in opposition to the Welsh Suspensory Bill, he was encountered by a slight interruption. Said he: "Taunton knows very well that I am not easy to put down. I am not going to be such a fool as to allow any man, or any number of men, to disturb a meeting of which I am chairman. The remedy is in my hands, and, if necessary, I shall use it. If necessary, I shall ask the audience to rise and confirm the resolution, and then I shall dissolve the meeting." Archdeacon Denison knocked vigorously on the table with his well-known stick, the audience cheered loudly, and perfect tranquillity prevailed.

The Rev. G. S. Reaney, formerly a prominent Congregational minister, has been appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Greenwich, by the patron, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, the well-known Vicar of Greenwich. Mr. Reaney has been busy with his pen since he joined the Church of England, contributing to a London evening paper as well as to the religious journals. He has also taken an active part in opposing the movement for Disestablishment in Wales and England.

The American Presbyterian Church has "suspended from the ministry" one of her most distinguished scholars, Dr. Charles A. Briggs, for teaching that there are errors in the Bible. The assembly has declared it to be the faith of the Church that "the autographs of Scripture" are without error. There was a considerable minority, but the majority used their powers to the fullest extent. The ministers in the Southern States are reported to be conservative almost to a man.

In the Linlithgow election, which has gone in favour of the Unionists, the ministers of the Scottish Church took an active part. Dr. Story and Dr. Donald Macleod, who are both chaplains to the Queen, gave broad—very broad—hints that her Majesty had declared herself opposed to Disestablishment. The Dissenters were by no means unanimous, many of them thinking that Mr. Gladstone does not intend to help their movement.

The Higher Criticism question came up at the English Church Union. Canon Carter, who, it is needless to say, has the greatest weight, spoke against partisanship. The question, he said, was one for experts, and it should be left in their hands. He thought at one time of asking for light from the Bishops, but thought it best to leave the matter. This became a unanimous resolution, and was certainly an amazing contrast to the action of the American Presbyterians.

The late Bishop Phillips Brooks is said to have described "The Silence of Dean Maitland" as one of the most impressive novels he had ever read. A memorial of Bishop Brooks by his brother, the Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., has been published in America.

Dr. Lunn, who has recently ceased to be a Wesleyan minister, will, it is expected, ultimately join the Church of England, but he prefers to come to no decision in the meantime. The controversy on foreign missions originated by him is being keenly agitated among Wesleyan Methodists.

In connection with the question of Disestablishment a day of humiliation and prayer was held on June 18 throughout Scotland. This was in accordance with the deliverance of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on the subject.

The visit of the Archbishop of Rheims to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem on May 13, as the head of a solemn procession of priests and friars, is said to have been the first of the kind since the closing days of the Crusaders' kingdom of Jerusalem in 1192. V.

At Swansea the Liberal candidate, Mr. Williams, has been returned unopposed. At the last moment the Labour candidature was withdrawn, and Sir J. Jenkin, who was the Tory champion, gave up a hopeless contest. The Liberal majority in Swansea at the last election was over five thousand.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.

DEDICATED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION TO
H.S.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY

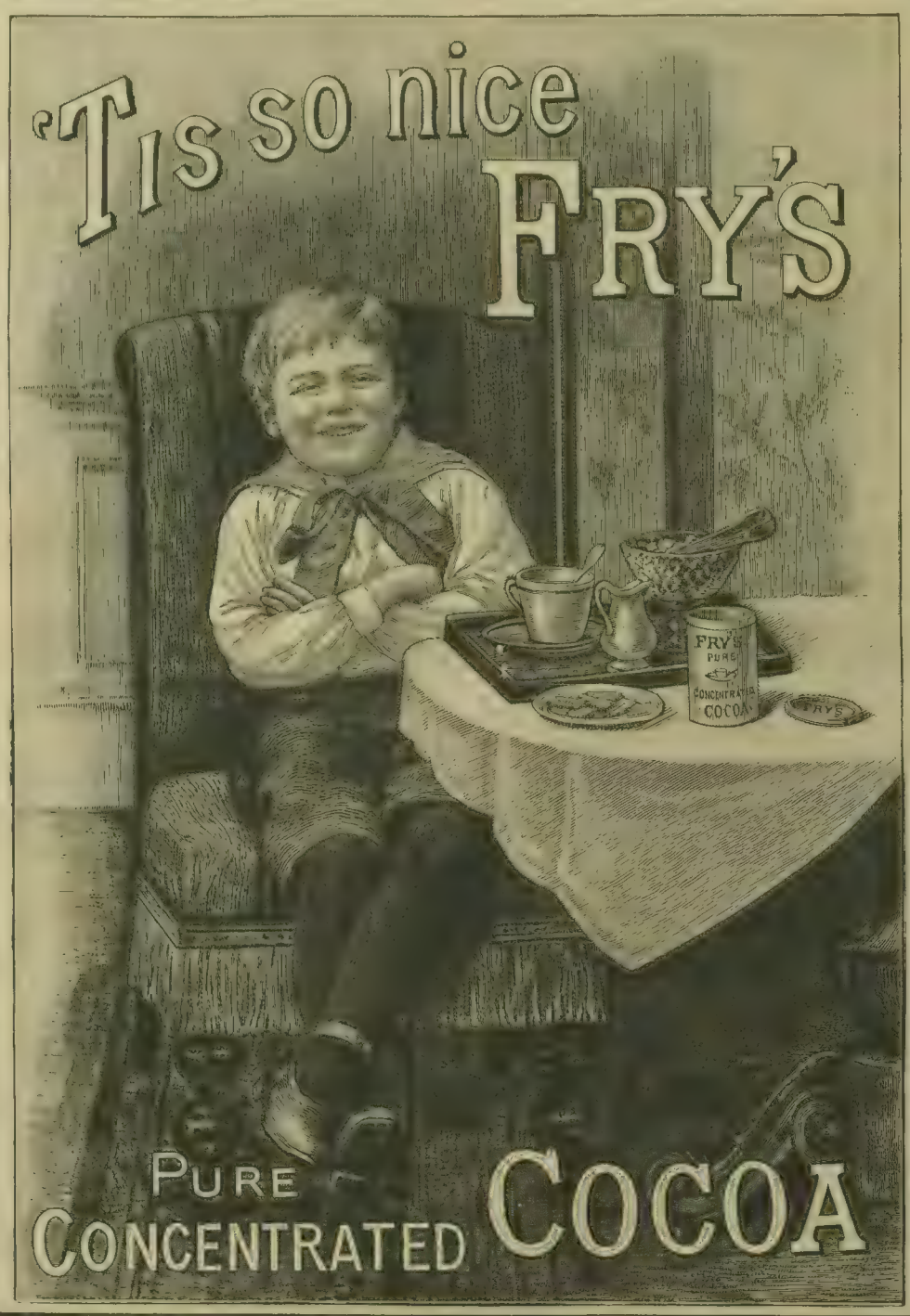




TO LADIES.

CREME SIMON (superior to Vaseline and Cucumber) for the **Complexion** and light cutaneous affections: **Sunburn, Redness, Chilblains, Chaps.** It whitens, fortifies, and perfumes the **skin,** to which it imparts a fragrant perfume and gives a **velvety appearance.**

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MONTE CARLO.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fetes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

SEASIDE.—TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY to TUESDAY CHEAP TICKETS to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, CROMER, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton, are issued by all Trains from LONDON (Liverpool Street), also from G. E. SUBURBAN STATIONS and New Cross (L. B. and S. C.) at same fares as from Liverpool Street. These Cheap Tickets are also issued from ST. PANCRAS (Midland) and KENTISH TOWN to HUNSTANTON, YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, and CROMER.

CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA and Back, 2s. 6d., DAILY by Through FAST TRAINS from LIVERPOOL STREET and FENCHURCH STREET. Cheap Tickets also issued at METROPOLITAN LINE STATIONS, viâ Bishopsgate.

CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH and Back, 4s. From Liverpool Street, on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays, at 2.5 a.m.

For full particulars see bills.

London, June, 1893. W. BIRT, General Manager.

NEW ROUTE to the CONTINENT, viâ the Great Eastern Railway Company, HARWICH and the HOOK OF HOLLAND, daily (Sundays included). Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8 p.m., and the principal Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon. Dining Car between York and Harwich viâ March. New twin-screw S.S. Chelmsford. Through carriages to Germany run alongside the steamers at the Hook of Holland. Return Fares to Amsterdam, 38s. 7d.; Cologne, 44s. 9d.; Berlin, 81s. 2d.

ANTWERP viâ Harwich every week-day. Hamburg, by G.S.N. Co.'s steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post, 8d. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

QUICK, CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, viâ HARWICH and ESBJERG. The United Steam-ship Company, of Copenhagen, Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkeston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the Train leaving London (Liverpool Street Station) at 9.35 a.m., returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. Train from Copenhagen. Return Fares, Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The Service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steam-ships Koldinghuus and Botnia. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information, address, TEGNER, PRICE and CO., 107, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS. NORWAY. Shortest Sea Route. Only Eighteen Hours. Tour of Twelve Days to the West Coast and Fiords of Norway. The well-known Steam Yachts ST. SUNNIVA and ST. ROGNVALD, from Leith and Aberdeen every Saturday during June, July, and August. Also to the Orkney and Shetland Islands Five times a Week. Full particulars and handbook from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; THOMAS COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices; A. GAZE and SON, 142, Strand, and Branch Offices; SEWELL and CROWTHER, 18, Cocksjur Street, Charing Cross, S.W., and 11, Onslow Place, South Kensington.

HOW to **REALISE** the Pictures in this week's "Illustrated London News": Examine them through the Aluminium

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PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

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With Poles, Ropes, and Blocks complete.

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WEDDING MARQUEES.

Supplied in any part of Town or Country, with or without Tables, Seats, or Decorations. All disarrangement of furniture is thus avoided, and the rooms in the house are left free for reception of guests and display of presents.

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SHOULD NOT BE GIVEN WITHOUT CONSULTING

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REFRESHMENT TENTS, BAND TENTS, UMBRELLA TENTS, DANCING TENTS, AWNINGS, TABLES, SEATS, LIGHTS, &c.

BALLS AND DANCES

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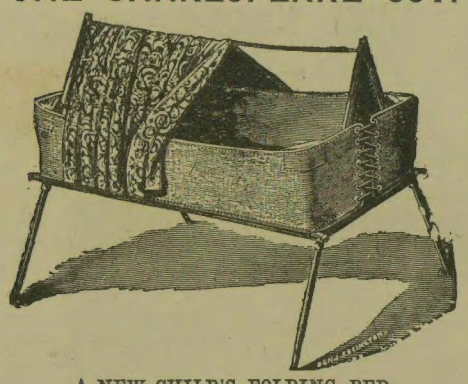
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SUITED TO ANY NUMBERS.

Fitted complete with every requisite, and erected anywhere.

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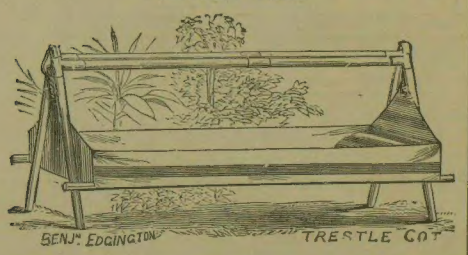


A NEW CHILD'S FOLDING BED.

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Silks, Dress-Fabrics, Mantles, Costumes, Millinery, Lingerie, &c., at greatly reduced prices. Circular post free.

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"I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.

"Yours faithfully,

"NELLIE MELBA."

Endorsed by Mesd. ALBANI, LANGTRY, FLORENCE ST. JOHN, MARIE ROZE, and others.

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For Loss or Weakness of Voice, Hoarseness, Catarrh, Influenza, Asthma, &c. They are used by every singer of note.

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In cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1½d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free on receipt of price by the Wholesale Dépôt, FASSETT and JOHNSON, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

Ask your Grocer for



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Sample Post Free for One Stamp, naming this paper, but Supplies can only be obtained through Grocers.

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TASTELESS LAXATIVE, for Ladies, Children, &c., 1s. 1½d, & 4s. 6d.

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Savar's Cubeb Cigarettes, 1s. and 2s. 6d. Savaresse's Sandal Oil Capsules, 4s. 6d.

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	Per doz.		Per doz.
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Ladies'	2/3	Ladies' ..	2/9
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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table-Cloths, 11½d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/2½ each.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES, also, of LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.

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BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS From Victoria and London Bridge Termini. Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road). Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available one month. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton From Victoria and London Bridge every Saturday. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. Cheap Saturday and Sunday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday Return Tickets from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d. Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EASTBOURNE.—EVERY WEEK-DAY. Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.50 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 9.45 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 9.50 a.m. Norwood Junction 8.25 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.15 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.50 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 10.10 a.m. Returning by any Train the same day.

EVERY SUNDAY Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, from Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., Norwood Junction 9.15 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only.

Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY, Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m.; Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets by all Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning by any train same day only.

Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d.

WORTHING. — Every Weekday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton.

Every Saturday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 11s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine.

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Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3).			Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3).		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
Victoria .. .. dep.	9.0	8.50	Paris .. .. .. dep.	9.0	8.50
London Bridge ,,	9.0	9.0		p.m.	a.m.
	p.m.	a.m.	London Bridge arr.	7.0	7.40
Paris .. .. .. arr.	6.50	8.0	Victoria .. .. ,,	7.0	7.50

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Fares—Single, First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return, First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books, Tourist Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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MIDNIGHT SUN (Captain Nivison, R.N.R.),

3020 tons, 2860-horse powe .

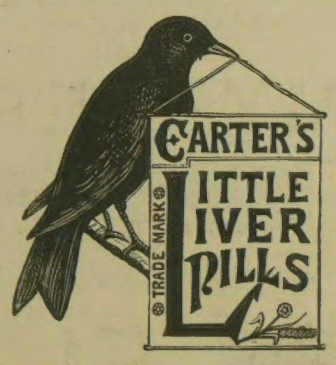
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NEXT SAILINGS, JULY 1, 15, 29; AUG. 12, 26; SEPT. 9.

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Small Pill.
Small Dose.
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Forty in a Vial.
Sugar Coated.
Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver without fail.
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

OBITUARY.

Lieutenant-General W. R. Gordon, late of the Bengal Staff Corps, on June 15, aged sixty-five.

The Rev. Temple Hillyard, Rector of Okeford, and Senior Canon of Chester Cathedral.

The Rev. Boscawen T. G. H. Somerset, Rector of Crickhowell, on June 13, aged sixty.

Mr. John Butler, who has been a member of the press in the House of Commons Gallery for forty years.

The late Sir John Hudson, whose death we recorded in our last issue, was Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army before Sir J. Dormer died, and did not succeed the latter, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army. The commands are distinct, and neither is subordinate to the other.

General Sir William Payn, K.C.B., elder brother of Mr. James Payn, the well-known writer, on June 14, aged seventy. He commanded a Turkish regiment through the Crimean War, was present at the siege of Lucknow, commanded for fourteen years the 72nd Highlanders and the Mysore division of the Madras Army, 1879-83. He was made C.B. in 1859, and K.C.B. in 1886.

The Rev. Thomas Mozley, of Oriel College, Oxford, for many years a constant contributor to the *Times*, on June 17, aged eighty-six.

Garden parties, which have been this warm season by far the most reasonable and popular of functions, were especially numerous on the 17th. In the reserved part of Kew Gardens a great throng of fashionable people were entertained by Mr. George Shaw-Lefevre and Lady Constance Shaw-Lefevre, "to meet the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess May." About two hundred of the guests came to Kew by water, starting from the House of Commons pier; hundreds of others arrived in carriages, after a less preferable journey by road. Of course, our Indian visitors were present, including the Maharajah of Bhavnagar, the Thakore Sahib of Gondal and the Maharanee, and the Rajah of Bobbili. Other noticeable figures in the company were the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Roberts, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

"Speech Days" are having additional *éclat* imparted to them by the beautiful weather, which is an extra inducement to "parents and guardians" to visit the various schools. Wellington College, that home of a budding British Army, has just celebrated its festival in the presence of three members of the royal family. The occasion was particularly important owing to the approaching departure of the Rev. E. C. Wickham, who for twenty years has been the able head-master, and who has seen a gratifying rise and progress of the school during that period. Mr. Wickham (to whom the Prince of Wales hoped opportunities for further distinction in the Church would be afforded) mentioned some curious statistics concerning the college. There had been, he said, two sets of six brothers, six sets of five brothers, fifteen sets of four brothers, and fifty sets of three brothers.

DR TIBBALD'S BLOOD TONIC — THE LATEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD & COMPLEXION.

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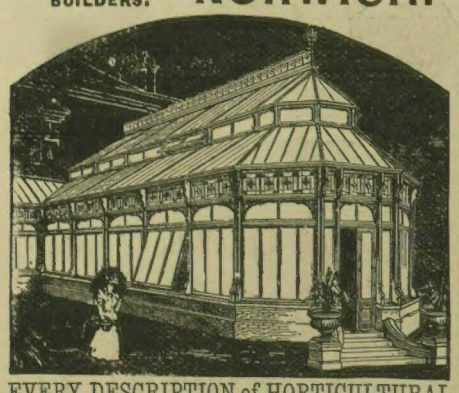
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Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
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THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

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AND THE CROWN
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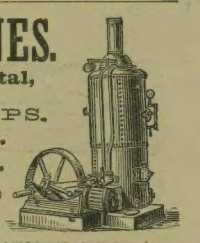
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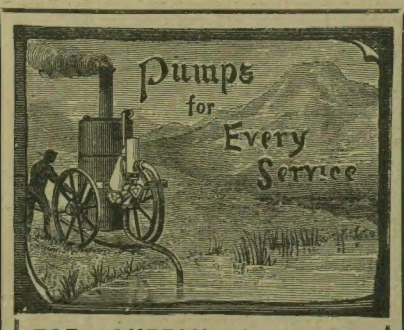


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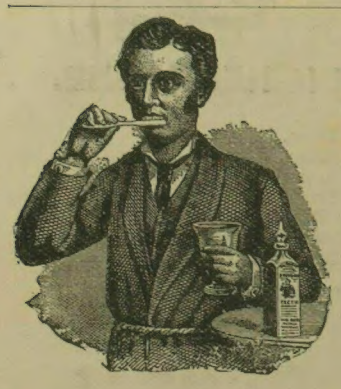
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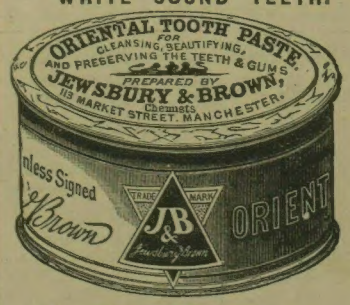


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FRAGRANT
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which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

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SIXTY YEARS IN USE.
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IS THE MOST PERFECT EMOLLIENT MILK FOR

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EVER PRODUCED.

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And preserves the SKIN from the effects of the

SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER

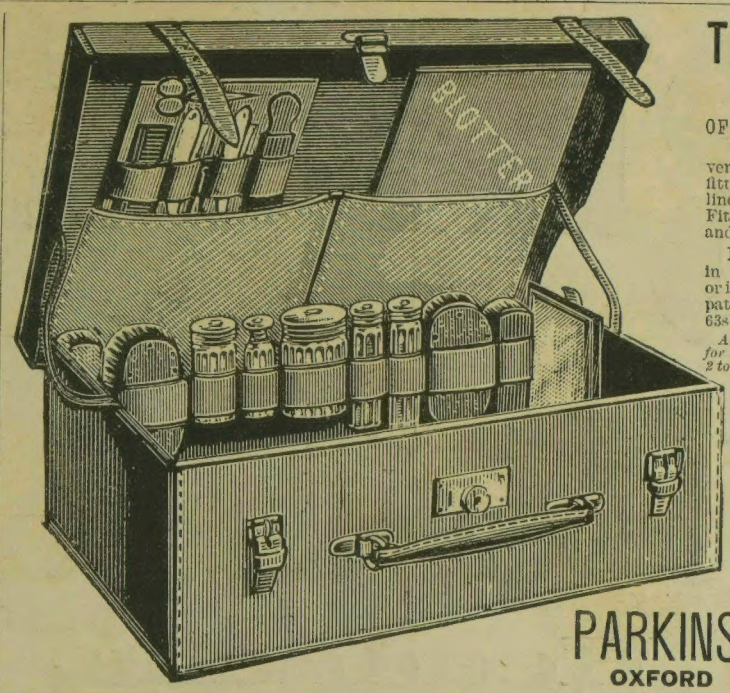
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NO LADY who values her Complexion should ever be without it, as it is INVALUABLE at all Seasons for keeping the SKIN SOFT and BLOOMING.

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very roomy, in Morocco, fitted complete, 42s., 63s.; lined Silk, and with Silver Fittings, 84s.; with Silver and Ivory Fittings, 105s.

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A large selection of fitted Bags for Ladies and Gentlemen, from 2 to 20 guineas.

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SUIT CASE,

solid leather fitted complete, as illustration,

FIVE GUINEAS.

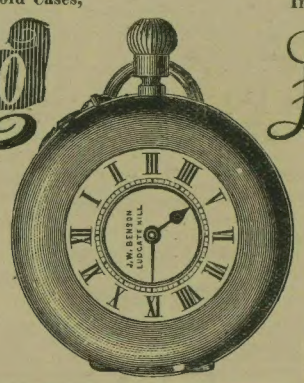
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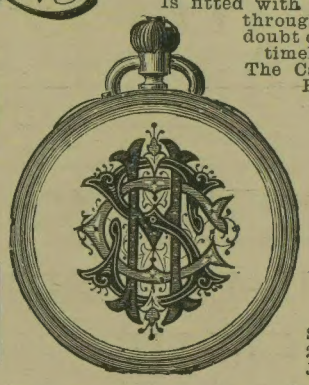


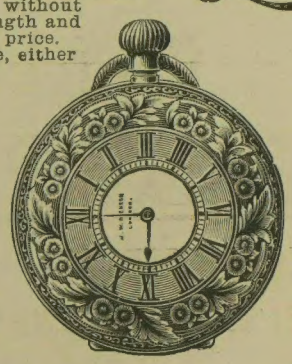
BENSON'S "SPECIAL MAKE" LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

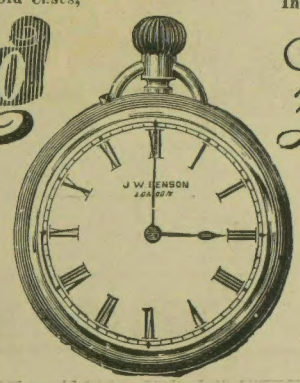
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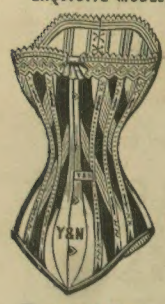
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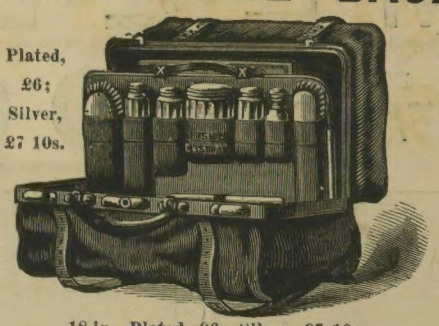
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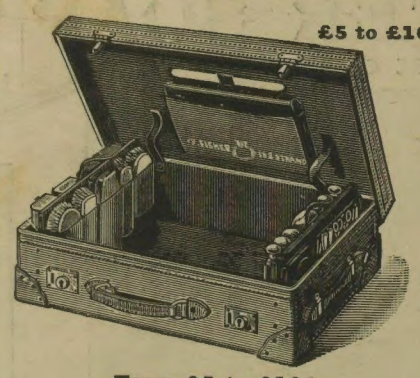


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